HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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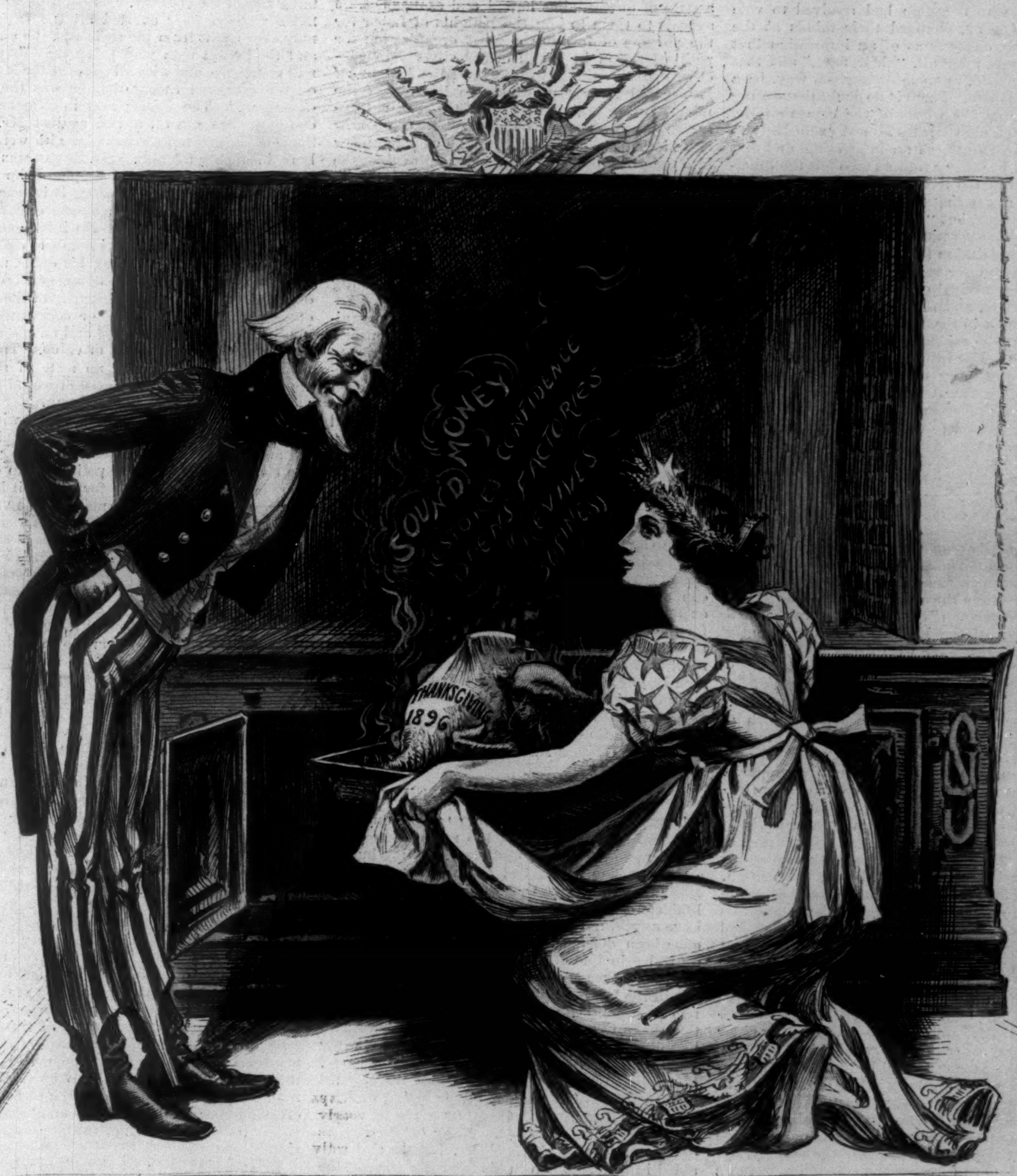
SOUND MONEY
RESTORES CONFIDENCE
OPENS FACTORIES
REVIVES BUSINESS
THANKSGIVING
1896
U S
W. A. Rogers

UNCLE SAM'S THANKSGIVING.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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LABOR.

IT is said that a great many laboring-men who had upon due consideration concluded that the free coinage of silver, with all its concomitant evils, would not be in the interest of the wage-earners, and who therefore had resolved to vote for Mr. McKinley, changed their minds at the eleventh hour, on account of an impression that Mr. Bryan was, after all, "their man," and that his election would, in some mysterious way, be a great boon to them. There is no doubt that during the last four or five weeks of the campaign Mr. Bryan devoted his speeches almost exclusively to the task of creating such an impression, and that he was aided by other agitators who felt the inherent weakness of the free-coinage cause, and therefore raised the cry that the issue of the campaign was not currency, but "liberty." Most of the laboring-men who permitted themselves to be controlled by this delusion have, no doubt, by this time seen good reason for rejoicing over Mr. Bryan's defeat; for the revival of confidence and business after that defeat, and the consequent prospect of great betterment in the situation of the wage-earning classes, are so evident that only the blind cannot see them. But in the same measure as these things are gratifying to the working-man who wishes to gain a decent living for himself and his family, and a chance to save something, they are gall and wormwood to the professional labor-agitators, whose existence depends upon their followers being in a state of violent discontent, and who might logically have supported Bryan for the very reason that his election would result in a complete business collapse and general distress and misery.

We have rarely seen a more characteristic specimen of the wanton unscrupulousness with which such agitators seek to inflame the passions of the toiling masses than the address delivered by "General-Master-Workman" Sovereign before the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor recently held at Rochester. We wish every laboring-man in the country would attentively study this document, with its repetitions of all the wild rant of the Bryan campaign, and then calmly and soberly consider whether this is the kind of leadership which he can follow with any safety to his well-being and to his standing in human society. This "General Master Workman," who, by-the-way, is no workman at all, but lives upon the money contributions furnished by real workmen, starts with the assumption that the wage-workers have generally been coerced into voting against Bryan with threats of discharge. Mr. Sovereign knows that attempts at such coercion were charged before the election, but that on demand of proof none was forthcoming. He knows also that under the Australian ballot system every wage-worker, if coercion had been attempted, could vote as he pleased without fear of detection. He knows finally that a large number of wage-workers actually did vote for Bryan without being in the least disturbed. While he proudly proclaims that "every general officer and every district and local assembly of our order spurned every offer of bribery and scorned every threat of the money king," he fails to show, ay, even to assert, that anybody has had to suffer for it. What really ails this General Master Workman is that so many wage-earners voted against Bryan because they were patriotic enough to consider the honor and the general interests of the country, and sensible enough to foresee the calamities Bryan's election would bring upon themselves.

But the evidences of returning prosperity, in consequence of Bryan's defeat being especially disgusting to him, he tries to persuade the wage-workers that "the spontaneous influx of gold and the resumption of manufacturing since the result of the election was known proves conclusively that the gold barons and the corporations locked up the money and closed the factories of the country to secure the victory over the people by arbitrary force." The wage-workers are hardly as dull-witted as this General Master Workman wishes them to be. They will remember that gold came flowing in before the election in an abundant stream in the ordinary course of trade, and that then a very large portion of it was locked up, not by the "gold barons," but by people of comparatively small means who tried to secure themselves as much as possible against the contingency of Mr. Bryan's success. And this gold is now being released because the dread of Bryan's success is over and people have regained confidence. Nor was work in manufacturing establishments suspended before the election because the manufacturers wanted to frighten anybody, but because they were frightened themselves, and because the cloud of danger hanging over the country made people afraid to buy or sell or make any contracts for the future. All these things are so well known to all men that Mr. Sovereign, with his wild statements, appears either as a person who himself has gone astray from want of intelligence, or who wishes to lead others astray from evil design.

After thus laboring to put the wage-workers into a state of unreasoning hatred and excitement, he appeals to them to join the Knights of Labor for the purpose of forming a great organization for political action in behalf of free-silver coinage—other desirable things to wait until the Knights of Labor will have "throttled the life out of the money power." And such political work is to be secret, "with stronger obligations than we now have." This organization, then, he would "throw into the great broad field of agitation to fight the money power and the corporations to an everlasting finish." Mr. Sovereign does not seem to know that nothing is more uncongenial, if not hateful, to the American mind than secret political organizations, and that nothing would be more apt to array public opinion against the working-men as a class than their being engaged in anything like a dark political conspiracy.

We are far from being opposed to labor organizations as such. On the contrary, we consider them, if wisely conducted, as some of them are, to be eminently useful and beneficent, and even necessary in the present order of society. But when we read statements, appeals, and propositions like those put forth by Mr. Sovereign, so untruthful and demagogic, and withal so fatuous, we do not wonder that, as the report of the Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor complains, "only five per cent. of the laboring-men of the country are organized." This is a sign of their good sense. Whenever a working-man's organization devotes itself to its legitimate ends, as, for instance, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers does under Mr. Arthur's steady and prudent leadership, it has the confidence and warm sympathy of the public, and exercises a large influence for its own benefit and for the common good. But when such organizations become the victims of shallow pretenders and roaring demagogues, they are only a curse to their own members, as the Knights of Labor will inevitably experience if they form a secret political society, and "throw themselves into the great broad field of agitation" guided by such a furious windbag as this General-Master-Workman Sovereign.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE.

There is a strong disposition to take an incorrect and harmful view of the recent victory for sound money. In the first place, nothing but the silver question was settled by the triumph of Mr. McKinley, and that was settled and sent to the limbo of dead issues, because politicians will rarely have anything further to do with a cause that has once been defeated, unless the issue concern the central principle of their party. The silver question was never such an issue. It owed its standing in the last campaign to the fact that one of the two great political parties took it up in the expectation that all the forces of discontent would be thereby united against the other party. But the silver question really weakened the Democratic party, because many of its members were thereby led to turn their backs upon it, either voting directly for Mr. McKinley, or indirectly for him by voting for Palmer and Buckner. Many of the leaders of the party who accepted Mr. Bryan, and who aided in the campaign in his behalf, because of the "regularity" of his nomination, regretted, before the summer was half over, that the sound-money Democrats had not dominated in the Chicago convention. These men know now that they might better have adhered to the old party and its old allegations of principle. They could not have done worse than they did; they might have done better, and they would not have broken up their organization, although in reality this last result of the triumph of Mr. Bryan at Chicago is one of the greatest blessings of the election.

We know now that this country will never again be disturbed by a serious effort to secure the free coinage of silver by it; but what else do we know? We certainly do not know how our real currency problem is to be solved. We do not know how Congress is to arrange for the retirement of the greenbacks, nor how we are to obtain an elastic currency, although we do know that both of these objects must be eventually attained. We do not know how the necessary revenues are to be raised, nor what is to be judged the best system of taxation for the maintenance of the government. We do not know what is to become of the various theories that are in the air concerning the tariff, nor whether the government is to begin to withdraw itself from partnership in business enterprises, especially in the businesses of banking and manufacturing, or whether it is to nurture and foster the agitation against trusts and other favorites of the law to the point of another outbreak threatening not only the business interests of the country, but the stability of popular government itself.

It is imprudent to assume that the wealth and intelligence of the country, by reason of Mr. McKinley's victory, have averted all the danger that may ever result from the socialists, the anarchists, and the honest men who think that they have a real grievance, and who all shouted for Mr. Bryan on the mistaken theory that he was the "savior of society." The wealth and intelligence of the country were not all united against Mr. Bryan. Some of the greatest owners of wealth were strongly and selfishly for him. Mr. Bryan was defeated by the sane and intelligent people of the country, including many of the wealthy, it is true, but including also the men of moderate circumstances, and the poor and hopeful. No intelligent farmer who owns his land, or who intends to clear off his mortgage by honestly paying his debts, no intelligent mechanic who owns a home, or who hopes to own one, can favor the debasement of the standard of value. Even socialistic or communistic communities would not be aided and advanced by the debasement of the standard of value. There is no form of government and no state of society in which a dishonest money system would be of advantage to any one in the long-run.

The election has left the country with many grave and difficult problems on hand. Now that we are face to face with some of these problems, the lack of capacity of our politicians to deal with them is more than a cause for regret, it is a cause for apprehension. A good many of the voters who have contributed to Mr. McKinley's victory think that they have just causes of complaint on account of tariff, or of land-grant, or of kindred legislation, or on account of the power, vastly greater than the power of the government, which has been, and may again be, exercised by combinations of capital and capitalists. Whether all their complaints are or are not just, these voters are to be reckoned with, and if they are not heeded, the next combination of the forces against the existing order of things may be much more formidable than that which was led by Mr. Bryan. It is essential that the voters who were opposed to Mr. Bryan should be held together against socialism, which has been increasing during the last fifteen years, and which will grow still more rapidly in the future if Federal legislation shall give it food for growth. In seeking to accomplish this object, our politicians ought to bear in mind that the first thought of men who have, or who think that they have, grievances against wealth, or against the legislation which aids in the production of individual wealth, is that the power to attain wealth must be limited, or even destroyed, not that its employment must be regulated so that the power that it gives shall not be abused. There is therefore likely to be an increase of socialism if the feeling that underlay a good deal of Mr. Bryan's support is not overcome—the feeling that the powers of the government have been used in aid of certain classes, especially of the manufacturers and of railroad corporations; and renewed trouble may be invited if this feeling shall be stimulated by further legislation, or, perhaps, if there shall not be something done looking to the ultimate employment of the powers of government for the purposes of government alone.

This people have a rough path to retrace, and the sooner they begin to take the backward steps to a simpler and juster government, the more surely will they be able to avoid another serious conflict with socialism. If we have been sowing the seeds of a socialistic outbreak in our laws, let us try now to teach the other lesson. What our law-makers and the administrators of our laws should seek to bring about is the contentment of all those who supported Mr. McKinley, by establishing and maintaining a popular government utterly opposed to that which would result from the triumph of the socialistic principles set forth in the platforms of Chicago and St. Louis.

THANKSGIVING.

THE President's Thanksgiving proclamation, appearing the day after election, found the greater part of the country in sincere accord with the sentiments it expressed. "The people of the United States," writes Mr. CLEVELAND, "should never be unmindful of the gratitude they owe the God of nations for His watchful care, which has shielded them from dire disaster and pointed out to them the way of peace and happiness." These are not commonplaces this year. Dire disaster, if not imminent, was in plain sight, and very generally dreaded. It was averted, and not for a generation have there been in the land so many hearts grateful for a great deliverance as there were on the morning the message appeared.

Thanksgiving is likely to be kept this year far more generally than is usual in that old-fashioned way which the President suggests. He tells us to stop work on that day, and go to church to "render thanks to the Ruler of the Universe for our preservation as a nation and our deliverance from every threatened danger." Church-going on Thanksgiving day has fallen a little into disuse of late years, but this year it may very properly be revived. We have been sobered by the anxieties of the summer. We have seen our prosperity stayed and the stability of our institutions threatened. We have been made to feel that our welfare depended upon the righteousness of our individual citizens, and we have wondered, not without misgivings, whether there were righteous men enough in the land to save the state. There were enough. We are proud and rejoice at the issue; but, more than either, we are grateful. Conscious that the continuance of our well-being depends upon the capacity of our country to develop just men, able to distinguish right from wrong and quick to choose the right, we may well make our thanksgivings soberly, less with exultation than with gratitude, and with pious minds and steadfast spirits. We have much to be thankful for; let us give thanks and press on.

SOME REVENUE TAXES.

IN deprecating the wish for a general revision of the tariff it is not intended to deny that the government needs more revenue, if the present scale of expenditures is to be maintained. Since the first of July the payments from the Treasury have been $150,000,000, an increase of $7,500,000 over the payments in the same period last year. The receipts have been $10,000,000 less, entirely due to decrease in customs. So that the deficit on November 10, 1895, was $19,690,000, and in 1896, $37,343,000. Making no allowances for rising revenue due to a better commercial outlook, the deficit for the second half of the year may be as large as in the first half, making the result for the full year about $74,000,000 on the wrong side.

This, then, represents the extreme sum to be raised by additional taxes or modifications of existing duties. It is a truism that it is simpler to modify and extend existing taxes than to create and levy new imposts. At least the effects of present duties are known, and have been discounted by the trade. Unless carried to a ruinous height, they may be provided for in a readjustment of prices. The introduction of new taxes is tentative in effects and results. A very slight addition to cost may destroy an export market, crowd out the weaker dealers or manufacturers, encourage and protect monopolies, and lead to a new geographical distribution of production. If a new tax is imposed on considerations other than revenue, the danger of disturbance is increased.

The question, then, is, how can a part of the $74,000,000 be raised by modifying existing taxes? In 1893 it was pointed out by DAVID A. WELLS that a double tax on beer would, at the existing consumption, produce an additional revenue of $35,000,000, and an increasing return with the progress of population and the increased consumption of beer. This duty would involve no increase in the retail price of malt liquors, and no addition to the burden of taxation. Nearly one-half of the required sum may be obtained from a simple modification of an existing duty.

For the rest, the simplest and most reliable sources of revenue will be customs duties on tea and coffee. It cannot be asserted that a duty of forty per cent. on raw sugar has increased the cost to the consumer by anything like the amount of the tax. In the last fiscal year $30,000,000 in duties has been paid into the Treasury by sugar, almost pure revenue, as the Louisiana product is not sufficient to make the duty one of protection. The remarkable falling away in the imports of sugar from Cuba, only about one-fourth the usual quantity being received from that island, has been compensated for by the increased imports from the East and from the sugar-beet products of Europe. As one of the necessities, sugar must be largely imported, and the cost to the consumer has not been increased either by the duty or by the failure of the Cuban supply. Sugar is clearly a fit object of taxation.

Tea and coffee rest upon the same taxable basis as sugar. The great sources of the supply of tea have been China and Japan; and a third country, British India, is coming forward as a grower and exporter of tea. In 1884 there were 65,700,000 pounds of tea consumed in the United States, and in 1896 nearly 94,000,000 pounds. It is not as tea-drinkers but as coffee-drinkers that the people of the United States have reputation. The annual per capita consumption of tea is 1.38 pounds, and of coffee 9.20 pounds. Yet the importation of tea has greatly increased, while that of coffee remains almost stationary. The consumption of coffee in 1884 was 532,500,000 pounds, and in 1896, 580,000,000 pounds. One reason for this difference in the movement of the two articles is the change in the price. The production of coffee has not kept pace with the demand, and prices have moved upwards, while tea has tended to be produced in larger quantities than the markets required, and the price has fallen.

If sugar can pay a duty of forty per cent. without increasing its cost to the consumer, tea and coffee ought to be able to bear the same rate of duty without being materially influenced in supply or channel of trade. They have, in fact, been taxed at an even higher rate. From 1867 to 1873 tea paid duties of nearly eighty per cent., and coffee of nearly fifty per cent. On the sentimental plea for a "free breakfast table," the duties were removed, and $20,000,000 in revenue sacrificed, without reducing the cost to the consumer, who was to have been benefited. An even greater revenue can now be obtained by duties on tea and coffee equal to that imposed on sugar. Under a duty of forty per cent. the Treasury would receive from tea $5,580,000, and from coffee $34,800,000, or a total of $40,380,000. Adding the receipts from an increased beer tax, $75,380,000 may be obtained from those three items, all proper objects of taxation, because a moderate tax such as is stated is for revenue only. In currency and tax systems simplicity should be the rule. Where the people fully understand the purpose and methods of either system, fewer changes would be made, and the much-needed freedom from innovation and experiment gained.

AN IMPROVED WHITE HOUSE.

THE residence of the President of the United States ought to be worthy of the office. The present White House is equal to all the requirements of such a residence, so far as it goes. It is a simple and dignified building, whose beauty is a constant delight to appreciative persons. It was conceived and carried out by the architect who planned it in the proper spirit, but it is not large enough for the uses to which it is necessarily put. The country and the city of Washington have grown, and the President's house has not grown with them. A large part of it is given up to the business offices of the President, his private secretary, and his clerks, and the President's family are deprived of the use of another large part of the lower floor of the house because it is necessarily on public view most of the time. The family is therefore cramped for proper accommodations, and there are no rooms for the entertainment of guests. Moreover, the house is so badly arranged as to entrances, exits, and hallways that a state reception there is always an uncomfortable and dangerous jam, while many an invited guest, and many officers who attend certain functions under orders, have been made seriously ill because they have been compelled to stand for hours in cold or stormy weather until they could gain admittance through the single door that can be used for the purpose.

The deficiencies of the White House are so thoroughly recognized in Washington that for many years efforts have been making to secure worthier accommodations for the President. Some of these efforts have been in the wrong direction, because they have contemplated other buildings, foreign to the intent and character of the White House, within the same grounds. Other efforts still are attempts of speculators to move the site of the mansion to the hills north of the city.

The White House, with all its charms and memories, should be preserved, and it should remain on its present beautiful and historic site, its fine grounds unencumbered by other structures. In furtherance of this idea, the WEEKLY presents on another page a plan prepared by Mr. ARTHUR J. DILLON, with an explanatory comment by Mr. BRUCE PRICE, which shows conclusively that the White House can be made not only abundantly spacious, but even improved, while its architectural features will be at the same time preserved.

A HAPPY EPISODE.

THE whole country is to be congratulated on the final retirement of Mr. JAMES L. PUGH from the United States Senate. Whether or not the State of Alabama is also to be congratulated is not so certain. Alabama has kept Mr. PUGH in the Senate for sixteen weary years, and no one will be sorry for them if the people of the State have suffered from what has been the cause of serious damage to the interests of the whole country, and of much distress to such Senators as trouble themselves as to what their fellow law-makers think and say.

Mr. PUGH is one of the constitutional lawyers for whom the South has always manifested a deep affection. He comes from a small hamlet, Eufaula by name, and probably gained his constitutional lore by deep meditation in the intervals between clients instead of by the unpopulistic method of reading books. Constitutional lawyers such as Mr. PUGH are to be found in nearly every small community in the country. In the South they have been mistaking these men for statesmen, and have been turning them into law-makers. We do not mean to make an invidious sectional distinction. Many of these self-made constitutional lawyers are much abler, purer, and in every way better legislators than the self-made rich men or the caucus-made political bosses who have made their way to Washington from some of the Northern States. It is well, however, to point out that a real constitutional lawyer is rarely self-made.

Mr. PUGH does not know much about the Constitution beyond the words in which it is written. He never entertained a large view of any subject. His mind is utterly incapable of any such hospitality. In the long years during which he has represented his State—for we take it that his presence in the Senate is not to be taken as misrepresentative of his State—he has been opposed to nearly everything intelligent and right, and in favor of nearly everything stupid and wrong. He has been an enemy of civil service reform, a hinderance to tariff reform, a Jingo, and a bitter, malicious, unreasoning enemy of Mr. CLEVELAND. Finally, he and his precious colleague, Mr. MORGAN, have done their utmost to bring Populism and socialism into power, and to invite financial disaster and industrial ruin through the debasement of the standard of value. It is well for the country that he is soon to cease to be a member of the Senate—though whether his successor, Mr. E. W. PETTUS, will be a great improvement is doubtful, for he is a free-silver man; and, besides, Alabama is not now electing intelligent men to office.

THE MOODY MEETINGS.

CROWDS attend the MOODY and SANKEY meetings at Cooper Union and Carnegie Hall. Mr. MOODY hopes for a revival of religion that will keep pace with the revival in business, and he is making good progress in his labors to that end. He is a revivalist, and there are people who dislike revivals and distrust their results, perhaps not entirely without reason; but Mr. MOODY is very good of his kind, and his methods and discourses present little if anything to which sound exception can be taken.

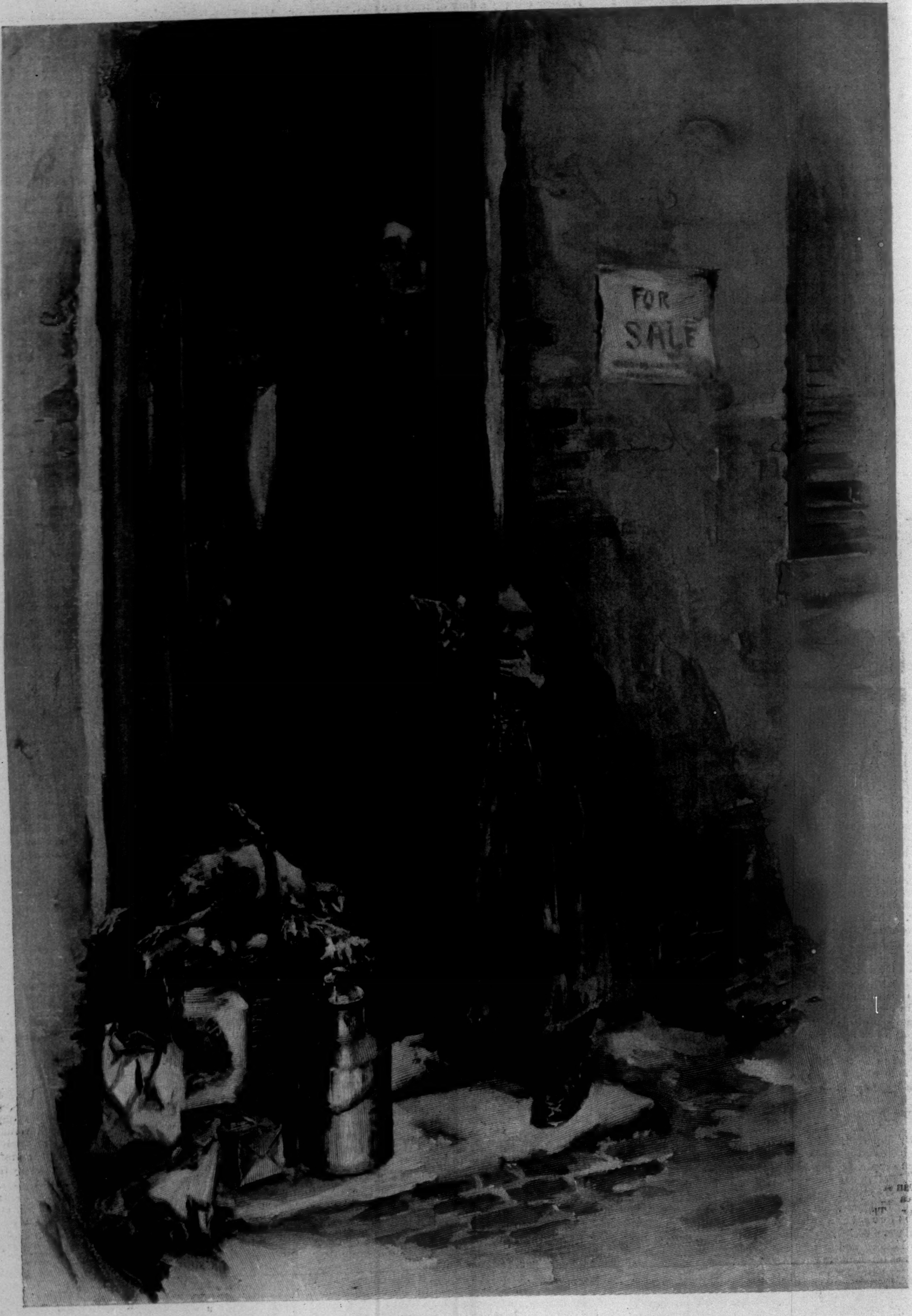
The future of the American republic depends upon the development of the American conscience. Unless the controlling element of the people shall be honest and good, the republic will not live. As the people are, so the government must eventually be. That truth has been brought home to us with uncommon force during the late Presidential campaign. The trust of those of us who hoped for such a result of the election as we believed to be in closest accord with honesty and high principles has been based upon our belief that the majority of the voters are honest, and believe in doing as they would be done by. Mr. MOODY, in preaching the Christian religion, preaches honesty, sobriety, the brotherhood of men, and the golden rule. He preaches against anarchy, against greed, against extortion and hate. He is the enemy of sectionalism and all hostility of class to class. His mission is to arouse the conscience and to awaken the spiritual side of men; to make them patient, long suffering, diligent; to make them to find their highest satisfaction, not in dissipation or in money-grabbing, but in right living.

This country in its rapid development and swift increase of material wealth can assimilate a great deal of such preaching as his. It is our first concern not to be the richest or strongest nation on earth, but to be a nation of good people, with a high ideal of conduct. The greatest thing that can be done for us as a people is to better us as individuals. It is in that work that Mr. MOODY is engaged. There are many ways of promoting it. His way is one of the most familiar and effectual, and he is remarkably efficient in it. His labors are patriotic as well as pious. Success to them!

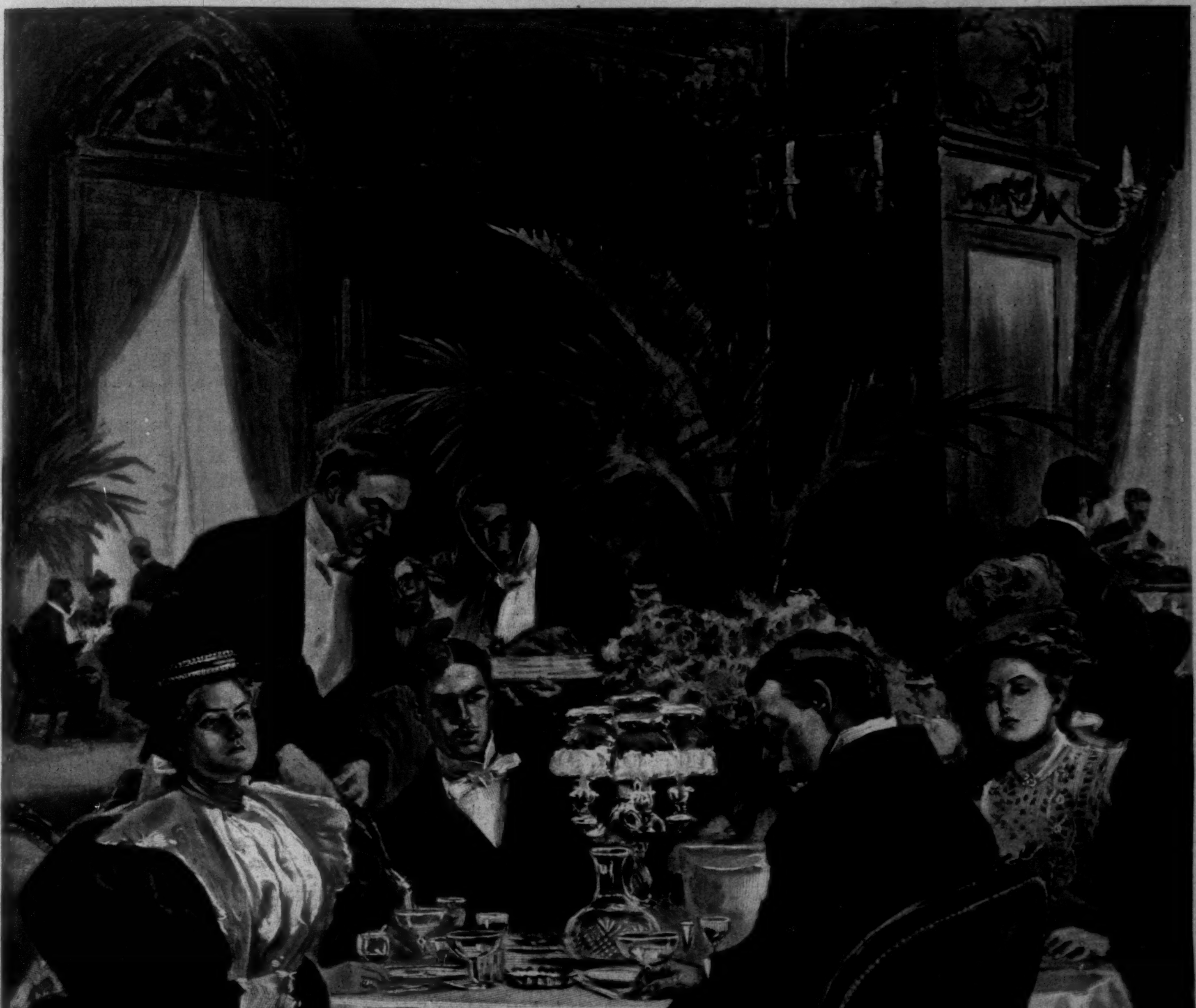
THE HUMAN BACILLUS.

THAT "man is a curable contagious disease" is the contention of a witty contributor to the current number of *The New Review*. He has discovered that the world is alive—is a strange gelatinous creature, pulsating imperceptibly throughout every acre of its surface; and, with the aid of a seismograph, he has found that these pulsations, or earth-waves, long and short, are the symbols of a language far transcending all spoken languages in directness and simplicity. His new language "can be learned in an hour"; and the earth's soliloquies have been overheard, and its thoughts and reflections caught, as a perfect physiologist might catch the thoughts of a man if the skull vibrated with the movements of the living brain. Unanswerable evidence has thus been secured that the whole generation of men is regarded by the earth with heart-felt loathing and contempt; that our annihilation is the object of the big creature's most fervent wishes; for it (or perhaps we should say *he*) has been heard to express its aversion in the following terms: "They crawl on me, they burrow into me.... They are soft and filmy and small, but they bore into my rocky skin. In the bath of light where I, the orderly one, the crown and joy of myself, turn my exquisitely punctual somersaults, they hatch uncleanlinesses and kill them, and gorge their pulpy little bodies with death. They gather together in nests, and where their nests are, my skin is furrowed and polluted, and the air wherein I wrap myself is blackened. I, the orderly one, the solitary roller on the path of perfection, am diseased with vermin! When I turn them to the light, they push themselves hither and thither, and prop themselves on their protuberances; when I turn them away from the light, they fall against me in millions, and sleep, touching me." Such being the earth's unfriendly disposition, the conclusion is obvious—that he "may one day wrinkle his back and shake himself, as a dog shakes his ears, and send us tumbling to a thousand surprising deaths." The mood of disdain for all the concerns of human society can no further go.

This is the mood of disappointment and of failure. Beneath the humor in the expression lies a pessimism that in this country at this time will hardly be understood. But it is a mood which we have just escaped. If the great problems which our people have faced this year had been decided not for the right, but for the wrong, there would to-day be sympathetic American auditors for one who should entertainingly discourse of human bacilli.



A REAL THANKSGIVING.—Drawn by F. C. Yohn.


ALICE BARBER STEPHENS '96

OVER-INDULGENCE—A SPOILED THANKSGIVING.—DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

New York will be greatly interested in the horseless mail-wagons which it is announced to be the purpose of the Post-office Department to introduce here within a few weeks. Inasmuch as flying-machines are still slow in getting off, horseless wagons and street cars that run by compressed air are the two novelties that we expect to see next. Of the two, the wagons will be the more interesting, for we are used to seeing street cars run without visible motive power, whereas wagons not drawn by beasts, though common in Paris, and not so rare as they have been in England, are not yet at all familiar in New York. If the Post-office finds them cheap and efficient for its use, their introduction for other purposes may be expected to follow at once. It was only about a month ago that the electric and steam wagons in England got the privilege of unrestricted use of the highways. Now word comes from London that fifteen large factories in England are at work on this class of vehicles, and that London is likely to swarm with them by next spring. American manufacturers, as was stated the other day in the **Weekly**, are ready to rush into the same field, and only wait for the hour to strike. It will strike very promptly after horseless mail-wagons are seen in successful operation in the streets of New York.

New York bicyclists may congratulate themselves on the decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court for their city that the slot of the cable roads is part of the highway, and that persons riding bicycles on it are not expected to have eyes in the backs of their heads. The case was that of James H. Rooks, a minor, who testified that while riding on the cable slot he was thrown off of his bicycle by a car which came up behind without sounding its gong or giving other warning. Riders on cable slots are apt to have their attention engrossed in keeping their bicycles upright and looking out for obstacles ahead, and all the more so if they suspect there is a car somewhere in their rear. It will add to their sense of security in an exercise which is perilous enough at best to know that they cannot lawfully be run down from behind, except after warning duly given. Nothing in this decision should encourage bicyclists, and minors especially, to regard the cable slot as their preserve.

On November 17 Captain Alfred T. Mahan was, at his own request, put on the retired list of the navy under the forty years' service law. He has been on leave of absence since the end of his cruise in the *Chicago* in 1894, and has asked now to be retired because he prefers to devote himself to the fulfilment of literary engagements rather than take his turn again in active service. His name was second on the list of his grade, and if he had chosen to defer his retirement he would very soon have gained the rank of commodore, when he could have been retired with increased pay. But that advantage the pressure of literary labors has induced him to forego. Of course, like all other retired officers, he would be subject to recall to active service in case of war.

ALFRED THAYER MAHAN.
Photographed by Child.

Captain Mahan was born in New York, and appointed to the Naval Academy in 1856. In 1861 he received a Lieutenant's commission, and served successfully during the war. He was made Commander in 1872 and Captain in 1885, and after that interested himself in establishing the Naval War College at Newport, of which he was president from 1886 to 1889, and from 1892 to 1893. During these years he devoted his leisure to the researches which were embodied in his books upon *The Influence of the Sea Power on History*, published in 1890, and *The Influence of the Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire*, published in 1893. The first of these works was received with enthusiasm both at home and abroad, and established his standing as the foremost naval writer of the day. It won him especial renown in England, and when he visited that country in 1893 as commanding officer of the *Chicago*, many distinguished attentions were shown him, and he received the degree LL.D. from Cambridge University.

Captain Mahan has long inclined toward the more studious and literary side of his profession. His first book, *The Gulf and Inland Waters*, relating to certain parts of the naval history of the civil war, was published in 1883. His *Life of Admiral Farragut* came out in 1892. Among other subjects with which he has lately been busy are a life of Nelson and a history of the war of 1812. He lives in New York (in Eighty-sixth Street), and in the intervals of composition often navigates the upper part of Manhattan Island on a bicycle.

Inasmuch as our army is very small, testimonials to the efficiency of any part of it are the more welcome. Here is one from Colonel Dodge, U. S. A., the author of *Many Riders of Many Lands* (Harpers), who has spent years abroad studying the cavalry of Europe, and certainly ought to know whereof he speaks. Writing to Lieutenant-Colonel Guy V. Henry about a practice march of the Third Cavalry, he says, "Your cavalry officers, in knowledge of pace, endurance, 'feel' of a horse, ability to perform, and in their troops' capacity 'to go ten miles further,' are absolutely and unequivocally at the top of the equestrian ladder."

The Aguilar Free Library Association maintains four free circulating libraries in densely peopled quarters on the east side of New York, between East Broadway and 110th Street. These libraries possess, all told, about 35,000 volumes, which reached last year a circulation of 330,000. The books are so constantly in use that they wear out very fast. The society wants money to buy new ones with, and has arranged, for the benefit of its book fund, a Composers' Concert, to be given on the evening of December 1, at the Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall, Fourth Street, near Broadway. Seven composers (Messrs. Warren, Kelly, Huss, Damrosch, MacDowell, Klein, and Brockway) will take part in this concert, and tickets (at $3 each) may be had of the directors of the library, or at Schuberth's music-store in Union Square.

The *Sun*, in an editorial utterance, speaks of General Miles's "devotion to the wheel as a means of exercise." If the *Sun* is satisfied to call bicycles "wheels," the hope that that use of language will not become practically universal seems somewhat forlorn.

People in Troy, Syracuse, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Brooklyn, and New York who have a mind to take up horseshoeing for a vocation will be obliged hereafter to pass an examination before they can open a shop. So provides a new statute in New York State which applies to all cities that have more than 50,000 inhabitants. Horseshoers who have been in business more than three years may go on unmolested, but others must be examined and get a certificate of proficiency, at a cost of $2 25. An apprenticeship of three years is a condition precedent to examination.

The new statute is interesting, but whether it was invented in the interest of horses or of horseshoers is not quite clear. If examined and certified horseshoers are necessary anywhere, they would seem to be as necessary in the small cities and villages as in the big ones. It is felt to be expedient that every physician should have a diploma, but that rule applies throughout the State, in cities and country alike. There is not one statute for city physicians and another for country doctors.

The Duchess Decazes is dead. She died in Paris, November 14, aged only about 27 years. Her husband, Duc Decazes and Glücksburg, was the son of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Third Republic. Her derivation was not noble, but was substantial in its way. Her father was an American, Isaac Singer, who helped to teach inanimate iron to sew, and was abundantly rewarded by a grateful world. He left this daughter seven millions (the newspapers say), and she married a French duc. It is the present paragrapher's impression that he left other daughters who became duchesses or princesses. Certainly he left a widow, his third wife, who is now the Duchess de Camposelice.

What a pity Balzac died before the Singer family got to Paris! These bare facts about one of them, taken from a newspaper obituary, seem to cry out to him to come and use them and tell the rest. How very much that is lively and ludicrous and pathetic and edifying there must be in the true narrative of the life and adventures of Isaac Singer, American inventor, who had three wives, was diligent in remunerative industry, and enriched Europe with a family of duchesses! Royalty itself can do little more. The case seems to call for Latin exclamations: *Sic nos non nobis* for Isaac; *sic transit gloria mundi* for his titled daughter dead now at twenty-seven. Poor thing; one hopes that somehow she got her money's worth and some taste of real life, and that her short experience of earth was not all a blear of tinsel. What curious, simple, undeveloped tastes the Singer ladies must have had to be so promptly and easily satisfied with French *ducs!* Now Madame Ayer, relict of the eminent citizen of Lowell whose vegetable remedies were so long a moving force in the people of this land, and who also lives in Paris (as everybody will remember who saw her portrait at the Chicago fair), has not bestowed herself as yet upon the French nobility. She must be an interesting person too, and it seems a pity we should not know her in some form or other. But in her case, as with the ducal family of Singers, the mere facts would not do. We would not be content with them or care for the names; we would want the real people to be shown to us in their true environment.

Balzac being permanently dead, why should not Mr. Marion Crawford go to Paris, look over his fellow-exiles there, and tell us about them? The harvest seems pretty white, though of course when one comes to put sickle to it, it may turn out scant, short, and little to the ear.

The task of ingratiating the Sultan of Turkey in the affections of the Americans is large and difficult. Mr. Hopkinson Smith recently tackled it, with the painful result that more or less of the Sultan's reputation seems to have come off on his defender's hands. Mr. Smith published in the New York *Herald* a long piece about Turkey and the Sultan, and the ferocity of the Armenians who kept the gentle Turks awake nights by their incendiary machinations. To which Dr. Cyrus Hamlin replied with much zeal, some temper, and an appearance of previous acquaintance with the subject. Mr. Smith's discourse was contrary to the preconceived ideas of American readers, and took the unpopular side, and was not very widely copied; but Dr. Hamlin's rejoinder has been so well quoted that most readers have formed their impression of Mr. Smith's statement from Dr. Hamlin's reply. Mr. Smith has published a rejoinder, partly in defence of the Sultan, partly in defence of himself. No inquest has been held on the status of the Sultan in this country since Mr. Smith came to his rescue, but it is believed not to be improved. Dr. Hamlin quotes Mr. Smith as saying that "the Sultan deserves the sympathy of every right-minded man for his defence of his country and law and order. It is a grand, noble, and plucky thing for him to do, and he is doing it admirably." Not many of us have had access to facts which enable us to share Mr. Smith's opinion, but there is no denying that his views have the charm of novelty in a very high degree.

Commissioner Roosevelt has incurred the disapproval of some citizens by going to a glove-fight between two professional pugilists, attesting the decorum of it, and showing symptoms of decided satisfaction with the spectacle. The Commissioner says he does not care much for professional sport of any kind, and that he went to the exhibition in question in order to make sure that it was properly conducted. It was so conducted, he thought, though he had to stop one round which seemed to him to be growing defective in gentleness. He believes in boxing, he says, just as he does in football and other rough manly games, and he thinks it "the greatest mistake that decent people should ever allow the hard-hitting, game qualities which make a man a man to be monopolized by the men who do not believe in decency."

In this case, as in most others, there is no trouble in finding out just where Mr. Roosevelt stands, though it is true that he has left it a little uncertain whether he thinks that the men he saw spar are to be classed among the unbelievers in decency who are in danger of having all the game qualities to themselves.

It has been noted that in the novel *Rienzi* Bulwer puts in the mouth of the Last of the Tribunes the figure of speech about the crown of thorns which Bryan used with so much effect in Chicago. Rienzi's speech in the Church of St. John of Lateran may be found in the novel, in Chapter III. of Book II. He says to his countrymen: "Your forces are exhausted against yourselves. You have made a mockery of your country, once the mistress of the world. You have steeped her lips in gall; ye have set a crown of thorns upon her head!"

The more original of Bryan's metaphors was the cross of gold in his application of it. But he need not have gone to *Rienzi* for the suggestion of either of them. The figure on the cross, crowned with thorns, is the most familiar as well as the most affecting in history, and seems a natural property of any orator who thinks his occasion warrants its use.

Mr. McKim's Macmonnies Bacchante was put on exhibition in the court-yard of the Boston Public Library on the afternoon of November 16, and was received with applause by a little crowd that awaited its début. The following day the Art Commission reconsidered its rejection of the statue, and voted to accept it. Strange to say, the commission's first verdict was reached without actual sight of the statue, and was based on examination of a reproduction in diminished size, and of photographs. The library trustees, it seems, favored acceptance of the statue from the start. There is a prospect now that the dancing matron, having found a secure and respectable home, may escape further newspaper notoriety. It is possible, however, that she may make a trip to Paris before she finally settles in Boston, since it is reported that a smaller mould of the same figure which Mr. Macmonnies made for the Luxembourg galleries came to grief before the metal was run into it. This mould is hopelessly smashed; the clay model it was made from is cracked and useless, and if the Luxembourg is to have its statue, the original must go back to the artist to be copied.

Before election, when times were dull and a good many buildings were vacant in the city of Knoxville, Tennessee, use was made of them by the citizens of that place to house a little world's fair for local entertainment and instruction. The fair's outfit included an Art Building, an Agricultural Building, a Manufacturers' Hall, an Educational Hall, and a Woman's Building. "Thousands thronged these buildings," writes a Knoxville correspondent of the **Weekly**, "and shared with pride in the honor of the exhibit of their city. Were many cities to follow the example of Knoxville, much might be done to shake off the lethargy of hard times." There is reason now to hope that that lethargy has been shaken off, but Knoxville bore up well in the face of adversity, and deserves credit for her pluck.

Judge Isaac Charles Parker, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, who died November 16, was a notable character, who for many years has been known as "the hanging judge of Arkansas." Though he lived honestly up to that title he did not like it. "It is not I who hang men," he once said, "but the law, and the same law that hanged them would have protected them had they been law-abiding." During the twenty years he held office as United States Judge for the Western District of Arkansas, 151 persons were convicted in his court for capital offences, of whom 84 are stated to have been hanged. The reason why so many capital cases were tried in his court was that his district included the Indian Territory, which was a refuge for criminals and desperadoes, who fled there from justice in other States and committed atrocious crimes. Those that were caught were brought to Fort Smith, where they could be tried by disinterested juries, and in Judge Parker's court justice was accurately meted out to them. A statement that tells what sort of citizens infested the district over which Judge Parker's court held jurisdiction is the record of 75 Deputy United States Marshals killed there in discharge of their duty. The *Sun* tells a story of an incident of recent occurrence which illustrates Judge Parker's reputation as a promoter of order. Last year a deputy marshal, on his way to Fort Smith with four particularly odious malefactors, was surrounded by a mob who proposed to relieve him of his prisoners. "I am taking them to Fort Smith," he said, "and they will be tried before Judge Parker." That was enough for the mob. Ten of its members accompanied the marshal as a guard, and the rest dispersed. All four of the prisoners were tried, convicted, and in due time hanged.

Judge Parker was born on a farm in Ohio in 1838. By hard work, with intervals of school-teaching, he got the rudiments of an education, studied law, and began practice in St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1859. In 1861 he was chosen City Attorney, and became Prosecuting Attorney in 1864. In the latter year he was a Presidential elector and voted for Lincoln. In 1868 he was made Circuit Judge. In 1870 he was elected to Congress, and served two terms. In 1875, when he was thirty-seven years old, he was appointed by President Grant to the office which he held for the remainder of his life. He is praised not only as an upright and resolute judge, but as an able, painstaking, and learned jurist.

The Municipal Art Society of Cincinnati has twenty-five hundred dollars to spend in decorating the entrance hall of the Cincinnati City Hall, and invites competition for a first prize of $200 and a second prize of $100. Artists who wish to submit sketches may obtain full information and plans from the secretary, Mr. J. H. Gest, P.O. Box 826, Cincinnati. There is some novelty about the clause in the Art Society's circular which states that "the permanence of the material used should be considered, and the fact that occasional cleansing will be necessary in the smoke-laden atmosphere to which the work will be exposed."

E. S. **Martin**.

FOREIGN NOTES.

So far as public celebrations go, you could live a lifetime in England without knowing that she had a history. No attempt is made to keep alive the memories of her great deeds, to stir up her patriotic emotions. Waterloo might never have been fought for all the notice taken of its anniversaries. Once a year the survivors of the Crimean war dine quietly together, and the outside public experiences an annual shock at realizing that there are still alive people connected with an event which has so completely passed into history. Guy Fawkes's day has long since become a mere holiday for schoolboys. All the more remarkable, therefore, was the recent outburst of enthusiasm on Trafalgar day. The events of the past year have had a most stimulating effect on the English public. Patriots and Jingoes and severe statisticians on the military and naval resources have sprung suddenly into excessive vigor. The Union-Jack has begun to be introduced at public meetings. Men have gone about talking of a spirited foreign policy that would teach Germany her place. There has seemed to be something stirring in the air that spoke of imperial enterprise. Even the Poet-Laureate was moved to compete with the music-halls in this national uprising. And the result of it all was seen on Trafalgar day, when Nelson's Column was wreathed with flowers and Trafalgar Square filled with a cheering crowd. Another result was seen at a meeting of the Imperial Institute, summoned to listen to a lecture by a Mr. Draper on the geology of South Africa. Mr. Draper was supposed to have helped the Transvaal Republic in its defeat of Dr. Jameson's raid, and the members of the Imperial Institute gave him a warm reception. Traitor, renegade, cur, and liar, were what they mostly called him. Considering the social standing of the members, the scene was almost as remarkable as that famous night, some twenty years ago, when Sir Charles Dilke, rising in the House of Commons to propose an inquiry into the expenses of the Crown, was howled at and hissed and all but mobbed by his brother members.

"There are two pleasures in life," said Lord Rosebery once, "the real and the ideal. The ideal is to receive the seals of office from your Queen. The real is to return them to her." Lord Rosebery has enjoyed both kinds, and is now touring unconcernedly through Europe. His name has been rather dropped of late, and it is tacitly understood that there is no hurry whatever about selecting a new leader for the Liberal party. The interest in Armenia is also receding. Even M. Hanotaux's exceedingly cautious and diplomatic speech on the attitude of France has fallen a little flat. Two months ago it would have aroused a fury of condemnation throughout England. He insisted on the necessity of maintaining the Ottoman Empire in its integrity, and was still inclined to pin his faith to the effects of diplomatic action. Single-handed intervention or the partition of Turkey among the various European powers he strongly deprecated. He gave out that some understanding on the subject had been arrived at during the Czar's visit. But the most remarkable thing about his speech was that not once did he mention Egypt.

It is probable that during the ensuing winter there will be some distress in Ireland owing to the partial failure of the potato crop. It is certain there will be a famine in India. The whole of the country seems more or less affected—Bengal, the northwest provinces, the southern districts of the Punjab, portions of Madras and Bombay, and the central provinces. It is fortunate that the most severe distress will be in the northwest provinces, where the road and railway facilities are of the best. If the winter rains fall and save the spring crops, the distress may be over within four months. If not, the government will have to wrestle with want for a good half of 1897. Lord Elgin, who has behind him some of the veterans who fought the terrible famine of 1878–9, has made every possible preparation for mitigating the disaster. Railways and irrigation-works are being pushed in all directions to provide relief. Several thousand tons of American wheat have already reached Calcutta—a new feature in Indian famines—and if the prices continue low, these importations will of course increase. It is interesting to read in Sir Richard Temple's autobiography that no part of the administration of India wins more gratitude and admiration from all classes than the never-ceasing war waged by their rulers against the calamities caused by drought.

I wonder no one has noticed how precisely Mackworth Praed hit off the characteristics of the German Emperor in his "Epitaph on the late King of the Sandwich Islandf":

"In peace he was intensely gay
  And indefatigably busy,
Preparing gewgaws every day,
  And shows to make his subjects dizzy,
And hearing the report of guns,
  And signing the report of gaolers,
And making up receipts for buns,
  And patterns for the army tailors,
And building carriages and boats,
  And streets and chapels and pavilions,
And regulating all the coats
  And all the principles of millions."

That astonishing gentleman, the Emperor of Germany, when not occupied with his painting or clay-modelling or music lessons or designs for a new military coat, is usually talking about himself and his army. Just at present the subject of duelling is worrying him in such leisure moments as Prince Bismarck allows him. Any one who has travelled through Germany during the past two years knows how greatly the swaggering insolence of the German officer, in street and café, is due to the personal example of the Emperor and his ludicrous insistence on the sanctity of a uniform. He has established in Germany a military despotism which makes the streets of the large cities something more than objectionable to a foreigner. Even the Germans themselves are waking up to their folly in standing such tyranny. The outburst of indignation over the Brusewitz affair is the first attempt on the part of the worm to turn. Lieutenant Brusewitz killed a civilian in a café, because, as the Minister of War explained in the Reichstag, "he believed that the honor of his uniform had been tarnished by the accidental pushing against his chair by the unfortunate workman." He was court-martialled and sentenced to four years' imprisonment and dismissal from the army. That was about three weeks ago. The judgment of the court martial, however, was not "sanctioned." Therefore it had no force in law. The Emperor came down and insisted on all the documents of the case being submitted to the War Minister. That, of course, simply means that Brusewitz will be acquitted. The government, however, is making tentative efforts to limit duelling. It is going to establish a court of honor. When one officer insults another they are both to be hauled before the court, and "the judgment of that assembly is never to be worded in such a way as to make a duel a necessity, or even to imply the recognition of such means of settling a dispute."

Once more a woman's vanity is agitating France. Even the Carmaux riots and M. Jaurès's eloquence are forgotten for the moment, and all France is speculating on the significance of the crown that the Archduchess Maria Dorothea wore at her marriage to the Duke of Orleans. It was a crown of large brilliants, out of the centre of which rose a Bourbon lily, with three resplendent leaves bent downwards. It was reported that the Archduchess in thanking the donors—a party of French Royalist ladies—for their gift said that she prayed to Providence that the crown might descend upon the head of the Duke, and when that day came she would be near him to second him with all her strength. This has been officially denied; but the French Minister to Vienna, where the marriage took place, thought the presence of the crown a sufficient excuse for asking for a week's leave of absence—the diplomatic mode of expressing mild displeasure. Austria is one of those courts at which no ceremony is so trifling as to be unimportant. The wearing, therefore, of the crown can have only one interpretation, namely, that it was a deliberate official slight to the French Republic.

The unhappy gentleman who in the extreme right-hand column of *Le Figaro* manufactures three jokes a day under the pseudonym of "Le Masque de Fer," is evidently under the impression that we pronounce Mr. Bryan's name as the French pronounce "brillant." His comment on "la grande lutte américaine" is that "l'élection de M. MacKinley prouve une fois de plus que tout ce qui est Bryan n'est pas or!"

PICAROON.

WITCH-HAZEL.

GLEAMING beside the forest's edge,
  One yellow-tinted bloom appears,
Tufting a thick and bosky hedge—
  It is the last flower of the year's

Ended florescence—where the trees
  Stand dark and dismal, brown and bare;
Of nature's floral draperies,
  Not one can face so bleak an air.

Far from the genial heat and sun,
  From Summer's glow, and Autumn's prime,
It lifts its soft, fair gonfalon,
  Oblivious of the flowering time.

Braving the blast with hope and cheer,
  It comes to piece our courage out
When all the landscape, dark and drear,
  Is fast in league with death and doubt.

Shy, modest flower—foe to despair—
  We meet thee when the year is done,
Nature's last signal in the air,
  Chilled by the southward-fleeing sun.

JOEL BENTON.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

IT is not likely that the American climate will agree with Mr. Wilson Barrett's drama *The Sign of the Cross* to the extent of giving it in New York the two years' lease of life which it enjoyed in London. In England the clever management which invited clerical discussion of the play's proprieties had much to do with the long prosperity of *The Sign of the Cross*. Minor canons and big guns joined in debating the *morale* of the drama, and doubtless a similar method of stimulating public interest will be followed here. A large number of clergymen have been invited to attend the performance at the Knickerbocker Theatre, and several have accepted the managerial courtesy. Thus far, however, the letters of "Constant Reader" and "Old Subscriber" have confined their censure to Mr. Barrett's chronology. The programme states that the action of the play takes place in the year 84 of our era, while the Emperor Nero, who died some fifteen years before, is a conspicuous figure. Probably the error is typographical. It is incredible that an author, even a playwright, could be so careless. Granting that a dramatic writer should be allowed to deal with the history of the early Christians and the influence of the religion of the cross in banishing paganism, there can be no charge of irreverence against Mr. Barrett. Any clerical criticism of an adverse nature will be directed only against the author's too vivid portrayal of the pagan love with which Christian purity is contrasted. From a merely theatrical stand-point the drama is highly effective. It is, in fact, the production of an experienced actor familiar with all the tricks and devices of the stage. The action is cumulative, and the only structural fault is the great number of changes of scene. This renders the piece somewhat old-fashioned to the modern play-goer. Sardou, prince of technicians, would have arranged the story in five acts, avoiding the archaic device of front scenes, with furniture dragged off by ropes, and supernumeraries dodging about in a half-light turning a house into a street. There are several strong and impressive scenes in the drama. That in which the voluptuaries at their feasting mock at the Christian maiden is finely imagined: luxurious Rome face to face with the new faith typified in a young girl. There is an epitome of history in this incident. Mr. Barrett has been insistent upon the fact that the life of the early Christians in Rome was extremely unpleasant. A boy is racked, and screams with agonizing realism. There is a massacre of Christians, in which babes are ruthlessly slaughtered; and the dialogue is redolent of torment of every kind, from hungry lions, family style, to torches *à la* Nero. Mr. Barrett's torture scene is not so sanguinary as that in *La Tosca*, but it is equally harrowing, as the victim is a child. To sum up, Mr. Barrett's play is an effective piece of stagecraft. The subject is far from novel, but it is always interesting. Indeed, a poet would find it inspiring, and one cannot help regretting that Mr. Barrett did not employ a capable and willing poet to make himself generally useful in attending to the dialogue of *The Sign of the Cross*. The company at the Knickerbocker is an unusually competent one. Mr. Charles Dalton, in the principal part, is far more satisfactory to Americans than Mr. Barrett himself would have been. The best characterization in the production, however, is the Nero of Mr. W. G. Elliott. It is the most thoughtful impersonation seen in New York this season—a page of Suetonius.

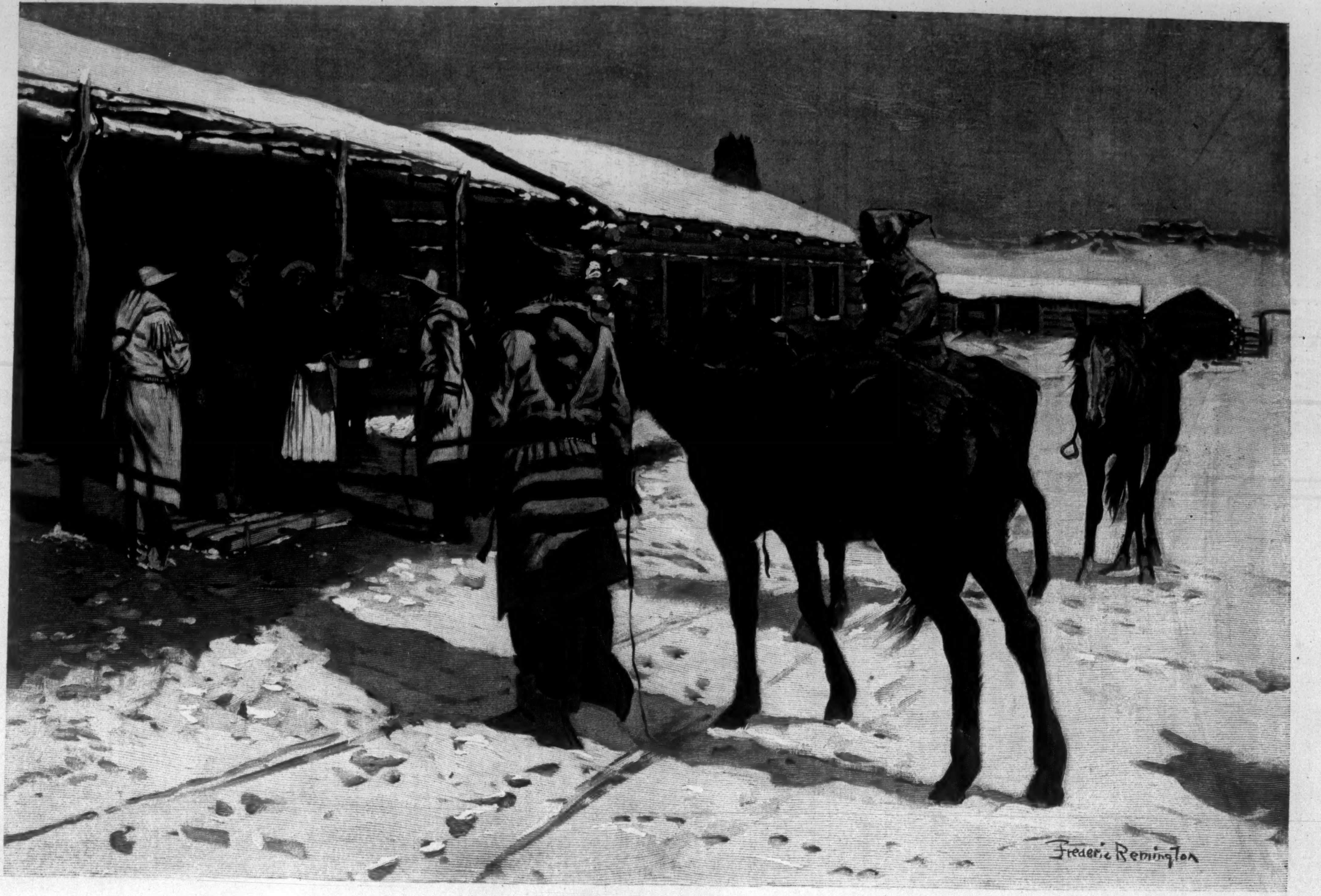
The latest dramatic importation, *The Broken Melody*, is not designed to contribute to the gayety of nations, excepting those who take their pleasures sadly. It serves, however, to introduce Mr. Auguste van Biene, a violoncellist, who plays his instrument well and his part earnestly. The play is written around the 'cello, which in this case is as important as Mr. Crummles's pump. The comedy drama is better in design than in treatment. Although the plot is conventional, much could have been made of it by a more skilful dramatist. It is put together in a fashion so slipshod that at several critical points ordinary common-sense and a few words spoken would demolish the web and send the villain and the adventuress to the right about. The musical idea in *The Broken Melody* is clever and original; it is even poetic in suggestiveness; but the piece is extremely sombre, and the characters are a lugubrious lot. Mr. Van Biene is said to have played his part in *The Broken Melody* over a thousand times. Perhaps this is one cause of the slow tempo at which all the dialogue is taken. At least half an hour could be saved if the dialogue were spoken naturally and the scenes conducted with spirit. Mr. Van Biene's 'cello-playing is, of course, the principal feature of the performance. While he is not comparable with several virtuosi who have appeared here in concert, he plays with refinement and artistic feeling. His acting is praiseworthy mainly because of its freedom from exaggeration. His scenes of pathos are conducted with commendable restraint and naturalness, though it is always evident that he is a musician who has studied acting rather than an actor who has learned to play the 'cello.

There is excellent dramatic material in *Ready-Money Mortiboy*, the novel by Besant and Rice from which Mr. Maurice Barrymore has derived his play *Roaring Dick & Co.* It must be said, however, that the play is roughly put together, and has the faults which of late have been lamented in the acting of Mr. Barrymore. *Roaring Dick & Co.* deals with a serious melodramatic story in a manner that lacks sincerity and is unconvincing. When an audience laughs at scenes intended to be serious, tact or sincerity is lacking in play or actors. Mr. Barrymore's dialogue is full of cynical humor in the lighter scenes, but is conventional and stagy in the melodramatic passages. The presentation of the play is not one likely to bring forward any merit it possesses. Apart from the individual work of several members of the cast, the production is inadequate, the stage-management being far from the metropolitan standard. There is a fine opportunity for a clever stage-manager in the scene of the children's picnic; but nothing is made of it. There is simply a stage crowded with children, with no attempt at a picture. The histrionic honors are monopolized by Mr. W. J. Le Moyne, one of the few really fine character actors remaining to the American stage.

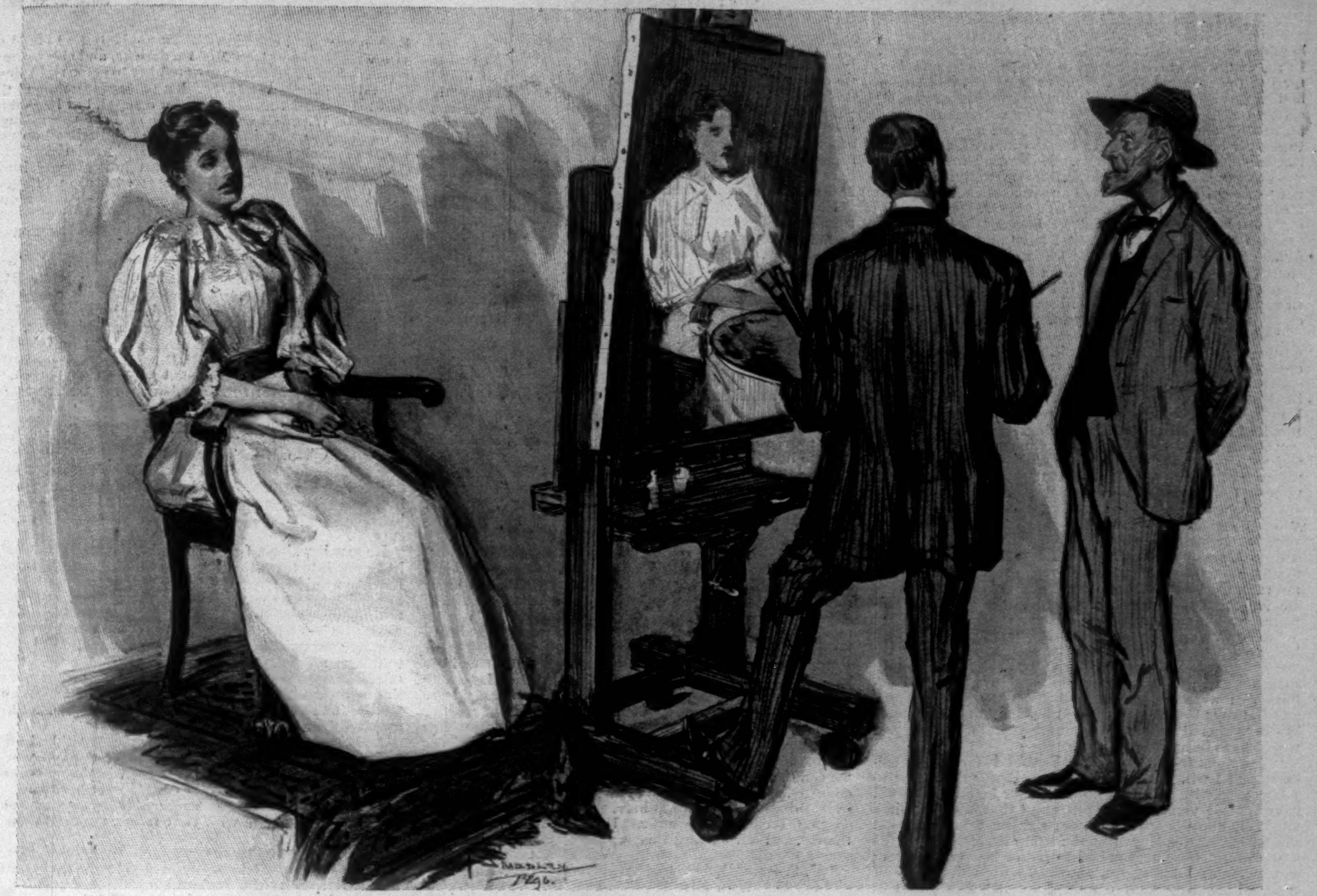
There is a radical defect in Giordano's interesting opera *Andrea Chénier*, which will prevent that work from achieving a lasting place in the modern *répertoire*. This is the lack of the poetic quality in the libretto. The fault is in the choice of the subject. The fate of Chénier was dramatic and tragic, but it is not a theme for lyric treatment. The ideal subject for a grand opera is a poem of human interest with an underlying philosophical idea, and a test question to apply to any theme to determine its fitness for musical setting is this: "Can we imagine music as the natural means of expression for the characters?" Generally speaking, it may be said that unless a story has the elements of a dramatic poem, it does not contain the material for a libretto. *Faust* is a perfect subject. *Lohengrin* is another. It is owing to the lack of poetic qualities in the libretti of old Italian operas that so many of the works of Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi are absurd to modern musical taste. The book of *Andrea Chénier*, by Luigi Illica, is well written, and would be more effective as a tragedy than it is with music. A composer who seeks to give Wagnerian treatment to an incident taken from modern history is handicapped so greatly that he can do little more than reveal his command of resources. He misses the inspiration that is given by a poetic subject. It would be interesting to see what Leoncavallo, Mascagni, or Giordano would do if one of them should be so fortunate as to find a libretto as appropriate and suggestive as that of *Aïda*.

The withdrawal of Mr. A. M. Palmer from the management of a New York theatre is much to be regretted, as Mr. Palmer has been associated with many of the most notable and meritorious dramatic productions of the last score of years. His name was identified with the finest stock company that this country ever had—an organization whose triumphs are recalled vividly by all who ever witnessed its superb representations. It is not necessary that one should be a graybeard play-goer to say with the crushed tragedians, "Ah, my boy, there were actors in those days." Not only is there no existing company worthy of comparison with that over which Mr. Palmer once presided, but there is absolutely no material for such an organization. Henceforth Mr. Palmer is to devote his time to directing the Great Northern Theatre in Chicago. His removal from New York leaves this city with only two managers who possess any consideration for the drama as an art.

HARRY B. SMITH.


Frederic Remington

"WHITE MAN'S BIG SUNDAY"—INDIAN VISITORS ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

Author of "A Hazard of New Fortunes," "The Quality of Mercy," etc.

Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.

LII.

WESTOVER once more promised himself to have nothing to do with Jeff Durgin or his affairs. But he did not promise this so confidently as upon former occasions, and he instinctively waited for a new complication. He could not understand why Jeff should not have come home to look after his insurance, unless it was because he had become interested in some woman even beyond his concern for his own advantage. He believed him capable of throwing away advantages for disadvantages in a thing of that kind, but he thought it more probable that he had fallen in love with one whom he would lose nothing by winning. It did not seem at all impossible that he should have again met Bessie Lynde, and that they should have made up their quarrel, or whatever it was. Jeff would consider that he had done his whole duty by Cynthia, and that he was free to renew his suit with Bessie; and there was nothing in Bessie's character, as Westover understood it, to prevent her taking him back upon a very small show of repentance, if the needed emotions were in prospect. He had decided pretty finally that it would be Bessie, rather than another, when he received a letter from Mrs. Vostrand. It was dated at Florence, and after some pretty palaver about their old friendship, which she only hoped he remembered half as fondly as she did, the letter ran:

"I am turning to you now in a very *strange difficulty*, but I do not know that I should turn to you even now, and knowing all I do of your *goodness*, if I were not asked to do so by another.

"I believe we have not heard from each other since the first days of my poor Genevieve's *marriage*, when everything looked so bright and fair, and we little realized the *clouds* that were to overcast her happiness. It is a long story, and I will not go into it fully. The truth is that poor Gigi did not treat her very kindly, and that she has not lived with him since the birth of their little girl, now nearly two years old, and the *sweetest little creature* in the world; I wish you could see her; I am sure it would inspire your pencil with the idea of an *angel-child*. At first I hoped that the separation would only be temporary, and that when Genevieve had regained her strength she would be willing to go back to her husband; but nothing would induce her to do so. In fact, poor Gigi had spent all her money, and they would have had nothing to live upon but his pay, and you know that the pay of the Italian officers is *very small*.

"Gigi made several attempts to see her, and he threatened to take the child from her, but he was always willing to compromise for money. I am afraid that he never really loved her, and that we were both deceived by his fervent *protestations*. We managed to get away from Florence without his knowing it, and we have spent the last two years in Lausanne, very *happily*, though very quietly. Our dear Checco is in the University there, his father having given up the plan of sending him to Harvard, and we had him with us, while we were taking measures to secure the divorce. Even in the simple way we lived Genevieve attracted a great deal of attention, as she has always done, and she would have had several very *eligible offers*, if she had been divorced, or if her affections had not already been engaged, as I did not know at the time.

"We were in this state of uncertainty up to the middle of last summer, when the news of poor Gigi's sudden death came. I am sorry to say that his habits in some respects were not good, and that probably hastened it some; it had obliged him to leave the army. Genevieve did not feel that she could consistently put on black for him, and I did not urge her, under the *peculiar circumstances;* there is so much mere formality in those kinds of things at the best; but we immediately returned to Florence to try and see if we could not get back some of her effects which his family had seized. I am opposed to *lawsuits* if they can possibly be avoided, and we arranged with poor Gigi's family by agreeing to let them have Genevieve's furniture, if they would promise never to molest her with the child, and I must say they have *behaved very well*. We are on the best of terms with them, and they have let us have some of the things back which were endeared to her by old associations, at a very reasonable rate.

"This brings me to the *romantic part* of my letter, and I will say at once that we found your friend Mr. Durgin in Florence, in the very hotel we went to. We all met in the dining-room, at the *table d'hôte* one evening, and Genevieve and he *took to each other* at once. He spent the evening with us in our private drawing-room, and she said to me, after he went, that for the first time in years she felt *rested*. It seems that she had always secretly *fancied* him, and that she gave up to me in the matter of marrying poor Gigi, because she knew I had my heart set upon it, and she was not very certain of her own feelings when Mr. D. offered himself in Boston; but the conviction that she had made a mistake *grew upon her* more and more after she had married Gigi.

"Well, now, Mr. Westover, I suppose you have guessed by this time that Mr. Durgin has *renewed his offer*, and Genevieve has conditionally accepted him; we do not feel that she is like an *ordinary widow*, and that she has to fill up a certain season of mourning; she and Gigi have been *dead to each other* for years; and Mr. Durgin is as fond of our dear little Bice as her own father could be, and they are together *all the time*. Her name is Beatrice de' Popolani Grassi. Isn't it *lovely?* She has poor Gigi's black eyes, with the most beautiful golden hair, which she gets from our side. You remember Genevieve's hair back in the *dear old days*, before any trouble had come, and we were all so happy together. And this brings me to what I wanted to say. You are the *oldest friend* we have, and by a singular coincidence you are the oldest friend of Mr. Durgin, too. I cannot bear to risk my child's happiness a second time, and though Mr. Vostrand fully approves of the match, and has cabled his consent from Seattle, Washington, still, you know a mother's heart cannot be at rest without some *positive assurance*. I told Mr. Durgin quite frankly how I felt, and he agreed with me that after our *experience* with poor Gigi we could not be too careful, and he authorized me to write to you, and find out *all you knew* about him. He said you had known him ever since he was a boy, and that if there was anything *bad* in his record you could tell it, and he did not want you to *spare the truth*. He knows you will be just, and he wants you to write out the *facts* as they struck you at the time.

"I shall be on *pins and needles*, as the saying is, till we hear from you, and you know how Genevieve and Mr. D. must be feeling. She is fully resolved not to have him without your *endorsement*, and he is quite willing to abide by what you say. I could almost wish you to cable me, just *Good* or *Bad*, but I know that this will not be wise, and I am going to *wait for your letter*, and get your opinion in full.

"We all join in the *kindest regards*. Mr. D. is talking with Genevieve while I write, and has our darling Bice on his knees. You cannot imagine what a *picture* it makes, her childish delicacy contrasted with his stalwart strength. She says to send you a *baciettino*, and I wish you were here to receive it from her *angel lips*.

Yours faithfully,
Medora Vostrand.

"P. S.—Mr. D. says that he fell in love with Genevieve *across the barrier* between the first and second cabin when he came over with us on the Acquitaine four years ago, and that he has never *ceased to love* her, though at one time he persuaded himself that he cared for another because he felt that she was *lost* to him forever, and it was no use. He really did care for the lady he was engaged to, and had a true affection for her, which he mistook for a *warmer feeling*. He says that she was worthy of any man's love, and of the *highest respect*. I tell Genevieve that she ought to honor him for it, and that she must never be jealous of a *memory*. We are very happy in Mr. Vostrand's cordial approval of the match. He is so glad to think that Mr. D. is a *business man*. His cable from Seattle was most enthusiastic.
M. D."

Westover did not know whether to laugh or cry when he read this letter, which covered several sheets of paper in lines that traversed each other in different directions. His old, youthful ideal of Mrs. Vostrand finally perished in its presence, though still he could not blame her for wishing to see her daughter well married after having seen her married so ill. He asked himself, without getting any very definite response, whether Mrs. Vostrand had always been this kind of a woman, or had grown into it by the use of arts which her peculiar plan of life had rendered necessary to her. He remembered the intelligent toleration of Cynthia in speaking of her, and his indignation in behalf of the girl was also a thrill of joy for her escape from the fate which Mrs. Vostrand was so eagerly invoking for her daughter. But he thought of Genevieve with something of the same tenderness, and with a compassion that was for her alone. She seemed to him a victim who was to be sacrificed a second time, and he had clearly a duty to her which he must not evade. The only question could be how best to discharge it, and Westover took some hours from his work to turn the question over in his mind. In the end, when he was about to give the whole affair up for the present, and lose a night's sleep over it later, he had an inspiration, and he acted upon it at once. He perceived that he owed no formal response to the sentimental insincerities of Mrs. Vostrand's letter, and he decided not to answer her, but to write to Durgin himself, and to put the case altogether in his hands. If Durgin chose to show the Vostrands what he should write, very well; if he chose not to show it, then Westover's apparent silence would be a sufficient reply to Mrs. Vostrand's appeal.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2063.

"I prefer to address you," he began, "because I do not choose to let you think that I have any feeling to indulge against you, and because I do not think I have the right to take you out of your own keeping in any way. You would be in my keeping if I did, and I do not wish that, not only because it would be a bother to me, but because it would be a wrong to you.

"Mrs. Vostrand, whose letter to me I will leave you to answer by showing her this, or in any other manner you choose, tells me you do not want me to spare the truth concerning you. I have never been quite certain what the truth was concerning you; you know that better than I do; and I do not propose to write your biography here. But I will remind you of a few things.

"The first day I saw you, I caught you amusing yourself with the terror of two little children, and I had the pleasure of cuffing you for it. But you were only a boy then, and afterwards you behaved so well that I decided you were not so much cruel as thoughtlessly mischievous. When you had done all you could to lead me to this favorable conclusion, you suddenly turned and avenged yourself on me, so far as you could, for the help I had given the little ones against you. I never greatly blamed you for that, for I decided that you had a vindictive temperament, and that you were not responsible for your temperament, but only for your character.

"In your first year at Harvard your associations were bad, and your conduct generally was so bad that you were suspended. You were arrested with other rowdy students, and passed the night in a police station. I believe you were justly acquitted of any specific offence, and I always believed that if you had experienced greater kindness socially during your first year in college, you would have been a better man.

"You seem to have told Mrs. Vostrand of your engagement, and I will not speak of that. It was creditable to you that so wise and good a girl as your betrothed should have trusted you, and I do not know that it was against you that another girl who was neither wise nor good should have trusted you at the same time. You broke with the last, because you had to choose between the two; and so far as I know, you accepted with a due sense of your faithlessness your dismissal by the first. In this connection I must remind you that while you were doing your best to make the party to your second engagement believe that you were in love with her, you got her brother, an habitual inebriate, drunk, and were, so far, instrumental in breaking down the weak will with which he was struggling against his propensity. It is only fair to you that I should add that you persuaded me you got him only a little drunker than he had already got himself, and that you meant to have looked after him, but forgot him in your preoccupation with his sister.

"I do not know what took place between you and these people after you broke your engagement with the sister, until your encounter with the brother in Whitwell's Clearing, and I know of this only at second hand. I can well believe that you had some real or fancied injury to pay off; and I give you all the credit you may wish to claim for sparing him at last. For one of your vindictive temperament it must have been difficult.

"I have told you the worst things I know of you, and I do not pretend to know them more than superficially. I am not asked to judge you, and I will not. You must be your own judge. You are to decide whether these and other acts of yours are the acts of a man good enough to be intrusted with the happiness of a woman who has already been very unhappy.

"You have sometimes, however—oftener than I wished—come to me for advice, and I now offer you some advice voluntarily. Do not suppose that because you love this woman, as you believe, you are fit to be the keeper of her future. Ask yourself how you have dealt hitherto with those who have loved you, and whom in a sort you loved, and do not go further unless the answer is such as you can fully and faithfully report to the woman you wish to marry. What you have made yourself you will be to the end. You once called me an idealist, and perhaps you will call this idealism. I will only add, and I will give the last word in your defence, you alone know what you are."

LIII.

As soon as Westover had posted his letter, he began to blame himself for it. He saw that the right and manly thing would have been to write to Mrs. Vostrand, and tell her frankly what he thought of Durgin. Her folly, her insincerity, her vulgarity, had nothing to do with the affair, so far as he was concerned. If she had once been so kind to him as to bind him to her in grateful friendship, she certainly had a claim upon his best offices. His duty was to her, and not at all to Durgin. He need not have said anything against him because it was against him, but because it was true; and if he had written he must not have said anything less than the truth.

He could have chosen not to write at all. He could have said that her mawkish hypocrisy was a little too much; that she was really wanting him to whitewash Durgin for her, and she had no right to put upon him the responsibility for the step she clearly wished to take. He could have made either of these decisions, and defended them to himself; but in what he had done he had altogether shirked. While he was writing to Durgin, and pretending that he could justly leave the affair to him, he was simply indulging a bit of sentimental pose, far worse than anything in Mrs. Vostrand's sham appeal for his help.

He felt, as the time went by, that she had not written of her own impulse, but at her daughter's urgence, and that it was this poor creature whose trust he had paltered with. He believed that Durgin would not fail to make her unhappy, yet he had not done what he might to deliver her out of his hand. He had satisfied a wretched pseudo-magnanimity toward a faithless scoundrel, as he thought Durgin, at the cost of a woman whose anxious hope of his aid had probably forced her mother's hand.

At first he thought his action irrevocable, and he bitterly upbraided himself for not taking council with Cynthia upon Mrs. Vostrand's letter. He had thought of doing that, and then had dismissed the thought as involving pain that he had no right to inflict; but now he perceived that the pain was such as she must suffer in the event, and that he had stupidly refused himself the only means of finding out the right thing to do. Her true heart and her clear mind would have been infallible in the affair, and he had trusted to his own muddled impulse.

He began to write other letters: to Durgin, to Mrs. Vostrand, to Genevieve; but none of them satisfied him, and he let the days go by without doing anything to retrieve his error or fulfil his duty. At last he did what he ought to have done at first: he enclosed Mrs. Vostrand's letter to Cynthia, and asked her what she thought he ought to have done. While he was waiting Cynthia's answer to his letter, a cable message reached him from Florence:

"Kind letter received. Married to-day. Written.
VOSTRAND."

The next mail brought Cynthia's reply, which was very brief:

"I am sorry you had to write at all; nothing could have prevented it. Perhaps if he cares for her he will be good to her."

Since the matter was now irremediable, Westover crept less miserably through the days than he could have believed he should, until the letter which Mrs. Vostrand's cable had promised came to hand.

"Dear friend," she wrote, "your generous and *satisfactory* answer came yesterday. It was so delicate and *high-minded*, and so like you, to write to Mr. Durgin, and leave the *whole affair* to him; and he did not *lose a moment* in showing us your beautiful letter. He said you were a man after his own heart, and I wish you could have heard how he *praised* you. It made Genevieve quite *jealous*, or would have, if it had been *any one else*. But she is *so* happy in your approval of her marriage, which is to take place before the *sindaco to-morrow*. We shall only have the *civil rite;* she feels that it is more American, and we are all coming home to Lion's Head in the spring to live and die true Americans. I wish you could spend the summer with us there, but until Lion's Head is rebuilt, we can't ask you. I don't know exactly how we shall do *ourselves*, but Mr. Durgin is *full of plans*, and we leave everything *to him*. He is here, making Genevieve laugh so that I can *hardly write*. He joins us in love and thanks, and our darling Bice sends you a little kiss.

MEDORA VOSTRAND.

"P. S.—Mr. D. has told us *all about* the affairs you alluded to. With Miss L. we cannot feel that he was to *blame;* but he blames *himself* in regard to Miss W. He says his *only excuse* is that he was always in love with Genevieve; and I think that is quite *excuse enough*.

M. V."

From time to time during the winter Westover wrote to Cynthia, and had letters from her in which he pleased himself fancying almost a personal effect of that shyness which he thought a charming thing in her. But no doubt this was something he read into them; on their face they were plain, straightforward accounts of the life she led in the little old house at Lion's Head, under the shadow of the black ruin on the hill. Westover had taken to sending her books and magazines, and in thanking him for these she would sometimes speak of things she had read in them. Her criticism related to the spirit rather than the manner of the things she spoke of, and it pleased him that she seemed, with all her insight, to have very little artistic sense of any kind; in the world where he lived there were so many women with an artistic sense in every kind, that he was rather weary of it.

There never was anything about Durgin in the letters, and Westover was both troubled and consoled by this silence. It might be from consciousness, and it probably was; it might be from indifference. In the worst event, it hid any pain she might have felt, with a dignity from which no intimation of his moved her. The nearest she came to speaking of Jeff was when she said that Jombateeste was going to work at the Brick-yards in Cambridge, as soon as the spring opened, and was not going to stay any longer at Lion's Head. Her brother Frank, she reported, had got a place with part work in the drug-and-book store at Lovewell, where he could keep on more easily with his studies; he had now fully decided to study for the ministry; he had always wanted to be an Episcopalian.

One day toward the end of April, when several weeks had passed without bringing Westover any word from Cynthia, her father presented himself, and enjoyed in the painter's surprise the sensation of having dropped upon him from the clouds. He gave due accounts of the health of each of his household, ending with Jombateeste. "You know, he's out at the Brick, as he calls it, in Cambridge."

"Cynthia said he was coming. I didn't know he had come yet," said Westover. "I must go out and look him up, if you think I could find him among all those Canucks."

"Well, I don't know but you'd better look *us* up at the same time," said Whitwell, with additional pleasure in the painter's additional surprise. "I guess *we*'re out in Cambridge, too," he added, at Westover's start of question. "We're out there, visitin' one of our summer folks, as you might say. Remember Mis' Fredericks?"

"Why, what the deuce kept you from telling me so at once?" Westover demanded, indignantly.

"Guess I hadn't got round to it," said Whitwell, with dry relish.

"Do you mean that Cynthia's there?"

"Well, I guess they wouldn't cared much for a visit from *me*."

Whitwell took advantage of Westover's moment of mystification to explain that Jeff had written over to him from Italy, offering him a pretty good rent for his house, which he wanted to occupy while he was rebuilding Lion's Head. He was going to push the work right through in the summer, and be ready for the season the year after. That was what Whitwell understood, and he understood that Jeff's family was going to stay in Lovewell, but Jeff himself wanted to be on the ground day and night.

"So that's kind of turned us out of doors, as you may say, and Cynthy's always had this idee of comin' down Boston way; and she didn't know anybody that could advise with her as well as Mis' Fredericks, and she wrote to her, and Mis' Fredericks answered her to come right down and talk it over." Westover felt a pang of resentment that Cynthia had not turned to him for counsel, but he said nothing, and Whitwell went on, "She said she was ashamed to bother you, you'd had the whole neighborhood on your hands so much, and so she wrote to Mis' Fredericks."

Westover had a vague discomfort in it all, which ultimately defined itself as a discontent with the willingness of the Whitwells to let Durgin occupy their house upon any terms, for any purpose, and a lingering grudge that Cynthia should have asked help of any one but himself, even from a motive of delicacy.

In the evening he went out to see the girl at the house of Mrs. Fredericks, whom he found living in the Port. They had a first moment of intolerable shyness on her part. He had been afraid to see her, with the jealousy for her dignity he always felt, lest she should look as if she had been unhappy about Durgin. But he found her looking, not only very well, but very happy and full of peace, as soon as that moment of shyness passed. It seemed to Westover as if she had begun to live on new terms, and that a harassing element, which had always been in it, had gone out of her life, and in its absence she was beginning to rejoice in a lasting repose. He found himself rejoicing with her, and he found himself on simpler and franker terms with her than ever before. Neither of them spoke of Jeff, or made any approach to mention him, and Westover believed that this was not from a morbid feeling in her, but from a final and enduring indifference.

He saw her alone, for Mrs. Fredericks and her daughter had gone into town to a concert, which he made her confess she would have gone to herself if it had not been that her father said he was coming out to see her. She would not let him joke about the sacrifice he pretended she had made; he had a certain pain in fancying that his visit was the highest and finest favor that life could do her. She told him of the ambition she had that she might get a school somewhere in the neighborhood of Boston, and then find something for her brother to do, while he began his studies in the Theological school at Harvard. Frank was still in Lovewell, it seemed.

At the end of the long call he made, he said, abruptly, when he had risen to go, "I should like to paint you."

"Who? *Me?*" she cried, as if it were the most incredible thing, while a glad color rushed over her face.

"Yes. While you're waiting to get your school, couldn't you come in with your father, now and then, and sit for me?"

"What's he want *me* to come fer?" Whitwell demanded, when the plan was laid before him. He was giving his unlimited leisure to the exploration of Boston, and his tone expressed something of the injury which he also put into words, as a sole objection to the proposed interruption. "Can't you go alone, Cynthy?"

Cynthia said she did not know, but when the point was referred to Mrs. Fredericks, she was sure Cynthia could not go alone, and she acquainted them both, as far as she could, with that mystery of chaperonage which had never touched their lives before. Whitwell seemed to think that his daughter would give the matter up; and perhaps she might have done so, though she seemed reluctant, if Mrs. Fredericks had not farther instructed them that it was the highest possible honor Mr. Westover was offering them, and that if he had proposed to paint her daughter, she would simply have gone and lived with him while he was doing it.

Whitwell found some compensation for the time lost to his study of Boston, in the conversation of the painter, which he said was worth a hundred cents on the dollar every time, though it dealt less with the metaphysical aspect of the latest facts of science than the philosopher could have wished. He did not, to be sure, take very much stock in the picture as it advanced, somewhat fitfully, with a good many reversions to its original state of sketch. It appeared to him always a slight and feeble representation of Cynthia, though, of course, a native politeness forbade him to express his disappointment. He avowed a faith in Westover's ability to get it right in the end, and always bade him go on, and take as much time to it as he wanted.

He felt less uneasy than at first, because he had now found a little furnished house in the woodenest outskirts of North Cambridge, which he hired cheap from the recently widowed owner, and they were keeping house there. Jombateeste lived with them, and worked in the Brick-yards. Out of hours he helped Cynthia, and kept the ugly little place looking trim and neat, and left Whitwell free for the tramps home to nature, which he began to take over the Belmont uplands, as soon as the spring opened. He was not homesick, as Cynthia was afraid he might be; his mind was fully occupied by the vast and varied interests opened to it by the intellectual and material activities of the neighboring city; and he found ample scope for his physical energies in doing Cynthia's errands, as well as studying the strange flora of the region. He apparently thought that he had made a distinct rise and advance in the world. Sometimes, in the first days of his satisfaction with his establishment, he expressed the wish that Jackson could only have seen how he was fixed, once. In his preoccupation with other things, he no longer attempted to explore the eternal mysteries with the help of planchette; the ungrateful instrument gathered as much dust as Cynthia would suffer on the what-not in the corner of the solemn parlor; and after two or three visits to the First Spiritual Temple in Boston, he lapsed altogether from an interest in the other world, which had, perhaps, mainly flourished in the absence of pressing subjects of inquiry in this.

When at last Westover confessed that he had carried his picture of Cynthia as far as he could, Whitwell did his best to hide his disappointment. "Well, sir," he said, tolerantly and even cheeringly, "I presume we're every one of us a different person to whoever looks at us. They say that no two men see the same star."

"You mean that she doesn't look so to you," suggested the painter, who seemed not at all abashed.

"Well, you might say— Why here! It's like her; photograph couldn't get it any better; but it makes me think, well, of a bird that you've come on sudden, and it stoops as if it was goin' to fly—"

"Ah," said Westover, "does it make you think of that?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

"As good as the circus—not so good as the circus—better than the circus." These were my varying impressions, as I sat looking down upon the tan-bark, the other day, at the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden; and I came away with their blend for my final opinion.

I.

I might think that the Horse Show (which is so largely a Man Show and a Woman Show) was better or worse than the circus, or about as good; but I could not get away from the circus, in my impression of it. Perhaps the circus is the norm of all splendors where the horse and his master are joined for an effect upon the imagination of the spectator. I am sure that I have never been able quite to dissociate from it the picturesqueness of chivalry, and that it will hereafter always suggest to me the last correctness of fashion. It is through the horse that these far extremes meet; in all times the horse has been the supreme expression of aristocracy; and it may very well be that a dream of the elder world prophesied the ultimate type of the future, when the Swell shall have evolved into the Centaur.

Some such teasing notion of their mystical affinity is what haunts you as you make your round of the vast ellipse, with the well-groomed men about you, and the well-groomed horses beyond the barrier.

In this first affair of the new-comer, the horses are not so much on show as the swells; you get only glimpses of shining coats and tossing manes, with a glint here and there of a flying hoof through the lines of people coming and going, and the ranks of people, three or four feet deep, against the rails of the ellipse; but the swells are there in perfect relief, and it is they who finally embody the Horse Show to you. The fact is that they are there to see, of course, but the effect is that they are there to be seen.

The whole spectacle had an historical quality, which I tasted with pleasure. It was the thing that had eventuated in every civilization, and the American might feel a characteristic pride that what came to Rome in five hundred years had come to America in a single century. There was something fine in the absolutely fatal nature of the result, and I perceived that nowhere else in our life, which is apt to be seclusive in its exclusiveness, is the prime motive at work in it so dramatically apparent. "Yes," I found myself thinking, "this is what it all comes to: the *subiti guadagni* of the new rich, made in large masses and seeking a swift and eager exploitation, and the slowly accumulated fortunes, put together from sparing and scrimping, from slaving and enslaving, in former times, and now in the stainless white hands of the second or third generation, they both meet here to the purpose of a common ostentation, and create a Horse Show."

I cannot say that its creators looked much as if they liked it, now they had got it; and so far as I have been able to observe them, people of wealth and fashion always dissemble their joy, and have the air of being bored in the midst of their amusements. This reserve of rapture may be their delicacy, their unwillingness to awaken envy in the less prospered; and I should not have objected to the swells at the Horse Show looking dreary if they had looked more like swells; except for a certain hardness of the countenance (which I found my own sympathetically taking on) I should not have thought them very patrician, and this hardness may have been merely the consequence of being so much stared at. Perhaps, indeed, they were not swells whom I saw in the boxes, but only companies of ordinary people who had clubbed together and hired their boxes; I understand that this can be done, and the student of civilization so far misled. But certainly if they were swells they did not look quite up to themselves; though, for that matter, neither do the nobilities of foreign countries, and on one or two occasions when I have seen them, kings and emperors have failed me in like manner. They have all wanted that indescribable something which I have found so satisfying in aristocracies and royalties on the stage; and here at the Horse Show, while I made my tour, I constantly met handsome actor-like folk on foot who could much better have taken the rôle of the people in the boxes. The promenaders may not have been actors at all; they may have been the real thing for which I was in vain scanning the boxes, but they looked like actors, who indeed set an example to us all in personal beauty and in correctness of dress.

I mean nothing offensive either to swells or to actors. We have not distinction, as a people; Matthew Arnold noted that; and it is not our business to have it. When it is our business our swells will have it, just as our actors now have it, especially our actors of English birth. I had not this reflection about me at the time to console me for my disappointment, and it only now occurs to me that what I took for an absence of distinction may have been such a universal prevalence of it that the result was necessarily a species of indistinction. But in the complexion of any social assembly we Americans are at a disadvantage with Europeans from the want of uniforms. A few military scattered about in those boxes, or even a few sporting bishops in shovel-hats and aprons, would have done much to relieve them from the reproach I have been heaping upon them. Our women, indeed, poor things, always do their duty in personal splendor, and it is not of a poverty in their modes at the Horse Show that I am complaining. If the men had borne their part as well, there would not have been these tears; and yet, what am I saying? There was here and there a clean-shaven face (which I will not believe was always an actor's), and here and there a figure superbly set up, and so faultlessly appointed as to shoes, trousers, coat, tie, hat, and gloves as to have a salience from the mass of good looks and good clothes which I will not at last call less than distinction.

II.

At any rate, I missed these marked presences when I left the lines of the promenaders around the ellipse, and climbed to a seat some tiers above the boxes. I am rather anxious to have it known that my seat was not one of those free ones in the upper gallery, but was with the virtuous poor who could afford to pay a dollar and a half for their tickets. I bought it of a speculator on the sidewalk, who said it was his last, so that I conceived it the last in the house; but I found the chairs by no means all filled, though it was as good an audience as I have sometimes seen in the same place at other circuses. The people about me were such as I had noted at the other circuses, hotel-sojourners, kindly-looking comers from provincial towns and cities, whom I instantly felt myself at home with, and free to put off that gloomy severity of aspect which had grown upon me during my association with the swells below. My neighbors were sufficiently well dressed, and if they had no more distinction than their betters, or their richers, they had not the burden of the occasion upon them, and seemed really glad of what was going on in the ring.

There again I was sensible of the vast advantage of costume. The bugler who stood up at one end of the central platform, and blew a fine fanfare (I hope it was a fanfare) towards the gates where the horses were to enter from their stalls in the basement, was a hussar-like shape that filled my romantic soul with joy; and the other figures of the management I thought very fortunate compromises between grooms and ring-masters. At any rate, their nondescript costumes were gay, and a relief from the fashions in the boxes and the promenade; they were costumes, and costumes are always more sincere if not more effective than fashions. As I have hinted, I do not know just what costumes they were, but they took the light well from the girandole far aloof and from the thousands of little electric bulbs that beaded the roof in long lines, and dispersed the sullenness of the dull, rainy afternoon. When the knights entered the lists on the seats of their dog-carts, with their squires beside them, and their shining tandems before them, they took the light well, too, and the spectacle was so brilliant that I trust my imagery may be forgiven a novelist pining for the pageantries of the past. I do not know to this moment whether these knights were bona fide gentlemen, or only their deputies, driving their tandems for them, and I am equally at a loss to account for the variety of their hats. Some wore tall shining silk hats; some flat-topped brown Derbys, some simple black pot-hats; and is there then no rigor as to the head-gear of people driving tandems? I felt that there ought to be, and that there ought to be some rule as to where the number of each tandem should be displayed. As it was, this was sometimes carelessly stuck into the seat of the cart; sometimes it was worn at the back of the groom's waist, and sometimes full upon his stomach. In the last position it gave a touch of burlesque which wounded me; for these are vital matters, and I found myself very exacting in them.

With the horses themselves I could find no fault upon the grounds of my censure of the show in some other ways. *They* had distinction; *they* were patrician; *they* were swell. They felt it, they showed it, they rejoiced in it; and the most reluctant observer could not deny them the glory of blood, of birth, which the thoroughbred horse has expressed in all lands and ages. Their lordly port was a thing that no one could dispute, and for an aristocracy I suppose that they had a high average of intelligence, though there might be two minds about this. They made me think of mettled youths and haughty dames; they abashed the humble spirit of the beholder with the pride of their high-stepping, their curvetting and caracoling, as they jingled in their shining harness around the long ring. Their noble uselessness took the fancy, for I suppose that there is nothing so superbly superfluous as a tandem, outside or inside of the best society. It is something which only the ambition of wealth and unbroken leisure can mount to; and I was glad that the display of tandems was the first event of the Horse Show which I witnessed, for it seemed to me that it must beyond all others typify the power which created the Horse Show. I wished that the human side of it could have been more unquestionably adequate, but the equine side of the event was perfect. Still, I felt a certain relief, as in something innocent and simple and childlike, in the next event.

III.

This was the inundation of the tan-bark with troops of pretty Shetland ponies of all ages, sizes, and colors. A cry of delight went up from a group of little people near me, and the spell of the Horse Show was broken. It was no longer a solemnity of fashion, it was a sweet and kindly pleasure which every one could share, or every one who had ever had, or ever wished to have, a Shetland pony· the touch of nature made the whole show kin. I could not see that the freakish, kittenish creatures did anything to claim our admiration, but they won our affection by every trait of ponyish caprice and obstinacy. The small colts broke away from the small mares, and gambolled over the tan-bark in wanton groups, with gay or plaintive whinnyings, which might well have touched a responsive chord in the bosom of fashion itself; I dare say it is not so hard as it looks. The scene remanded us to a moment of childhood; and I found myself so fond of all the ponies that I felt it invidious of the judges to choose among them for the prizes; they ought every one to have had the prize.

I suppose a Shetland pony is not a very useful animal in our conditions; no doubt a good, tough, stubbed donkey would be worth all their tribe when it came down to hard work; but we cannot all be hard-working donkeys, and some of us may be toys and playthings without too great reproach. I gazed after the broken, refluent wave of these amiable creatures, with the vague toleration here formulated, but I was not quite at peace in it, or fully consoled in my habitual ethicism till the next event brought the hunters with their high-jumping into the ring. These noble animals unite use and beauty in such measure that the censor must be of Catonian severity who can refuse them his praise. When I reflected that by them and their devoted riders our civilization had been assimilated to that of the mother-country in its finest expression, and another tie added to those that bind us to her through the language of Shakespeare and Milton; that they had tamed the haughty spirit of the American farmer in several parts of the country so that he submitted for a consideration to have his crops ridden over, and that they had all but exterminated the ferocious anise-seed bag, once so common and destructive among us, I was in a fit mood to welcome the bars and hurdles which were now set up at four or five places for the purposes of the high-jumping.

As to the beauty of the hunting-horse, though, I think I must hedge a little, while I stand firmly to my admiration of his use. To be honest, the tandem horse is more to my taste. He is better shaped, and he bears himself more proudly. The hunter is apt to behave, whatever his reserve of intelligence, like an excited hen; he is apt to be ewe-necked and bred away to nothing where the ideal horse abounds; he has the behavior of a turkey-hen when not behaving like the common or garden hen. But there can be no question of his jumping, which seems to be his chief business in a world where we are all appointed our several duties, and I at once began to take a vivid pleasure in his proficiency. I have always felt a blind and insensate joy in running races, which has no relation to any particular horse, and I now experienced an impartial a rapture in the performances of these hunters. They looked very much alike, and if it had not been for the changing numbers on the sign-board in the centre of the ring announcing that 650, 675, or 602 was now jumping, I might have thought it was 650 all the time.

A high jump is not so fine a sight as a running race when the horses have got half a mile away, and look like a covey of swift birds, but it is still a fine sight. I became very fastidious as to which moment of it was the finest, whether when the horse rose in profile, or when his aerial hoof touched the ground (with the effect of half jerking his rider's head half off), or when he showed a flying heel in perspective; and I do not know to this hour which I prefer. But I suppose I was becoming gradually spoiled by my pleasure, for as time went on, I noticed that I was not satisfied with the monotonous excellence of the horses' execution. Will it be credited that I became willing something should happen, anything, to vary it? I asked myself why, if some of the more exciting incidents of the hunting-field which I had read of *must* befall, I should not see them. Several of the horses had balked at the barriers, and almost thrown their riders across them over their necks, but not quite done it; several had carried away the green-tufted top rail with their heels; when suddenly there came a loud clatter from the farther side of the ellipse, where a whole panel of fence had gone down. I looked eagerly for the prostrate horse and rider under the bars, but they were cantering safely away.

IV.

It was enough, however. I perceived that I was becoming demoralized, and that if I were to write of the Horse Show with at all the superiority one likes to feel towards the rich and great, I had better come away. But I came away critical, even in my downfall, and feeling that circus for circus, the Greatest Show on Earth which I had often seen in that place had certain distinct advantages of the Horse Show. It had three rings and two platforms; and for another thing, the drivers and riders in the races, when they won, bore the banner of victory aloft in their hands, instead of poorly letting a blue or red ribbon flicker at their horses' ears. The events were more frequent and rapid; the costumes infinitely more varied and picturesque. As for the people in the boxes, I do not know that they were less distinguished than these at the Horse Show, but if they were not of the same high level in which distinction was impossible, they did not show it in their looks.

The Horse Show, in fine, struck me as a circus of not all the first qualities; and I had moments of suspecting that it was no more than the evolution of the county cattle show. But in any case I had to own that its great success was quite legitimate; for the horse, upon the whole, appeals to a wider range of humanity, vertically as well as horizontally, than any other interest, not excepting politics or religion. I cannot indeed regard him as a civilizing influence; but then we cannot be always civilizing.

W. D. Howells.

FIFTH AVENUE.

I stand beside the white Memorial Arch
  That looms with grave nobility and grace
  Over a verdurous park where summers trace
Their glory on gray limbs of oak and larch.

Southward, in drear monotony, I see
  The squalor of our famous Avenue,
  While in the north, beneath soft skies of blue,
Wealth rules with calm, imperious decree;

And all along that royal thoroughfare,
  Stretching into a dim horizon's light,
  I look on massive palaces and bright
Memorials of the men who dream and dare.

There I view lavish luxury and ease,
  And treasures of the earth's sequestered gloom,
  The splendor of bland art and subtle loom,
And wonders torn from caverns of the seas;

There Poverty shrinks in a fleeting throng
  That laughs and chatters with insouciant mien,
  While Fashion flaunts and flutters like a queen
Whose vague desires evoke obsequious song;

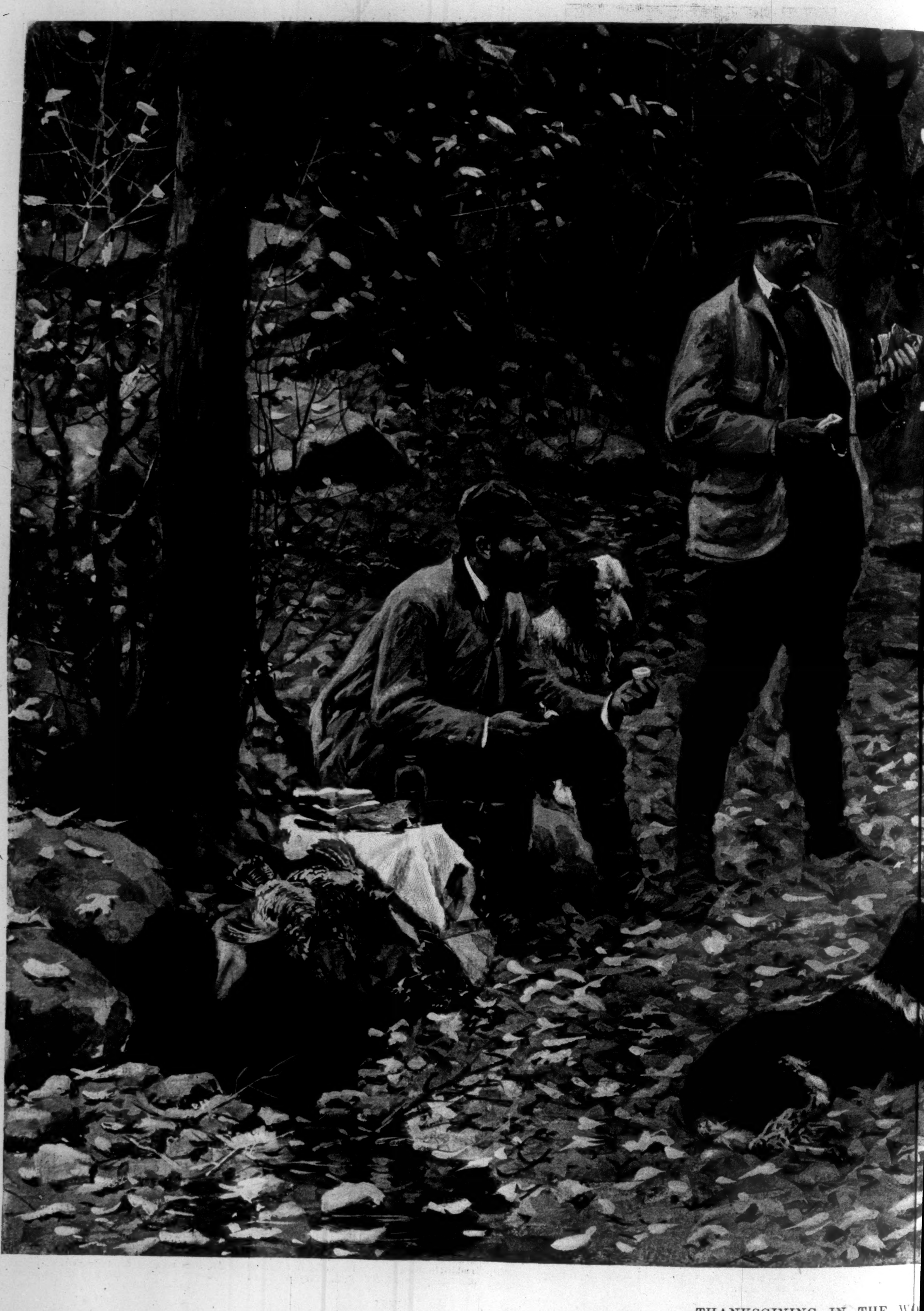
And there a puissant Commerce, which has spread
  Its giant arms to far-off latitudes,
  Thrills with insatiate passion, and exudes
A life that burns and blossoms from the dead;

There, too, the destinies of future days
  Are shaped by leaders in the ranks of men,
  And there philanthropy speaks with the pen,
While literature looks forth to golden ways;

The rich are there, the proud potential rich,
  Those who have grasped the lever of the age;
  Theirs is no bitter, blighted heritage,
No languid light, no wan and broken lich;

But rich and poor alike exact our meeds,
  For all are patriots when their country calls,
  All stand together when misfortune falls,
All fight together for their glorious creeds.

George Edgar Montgomery.



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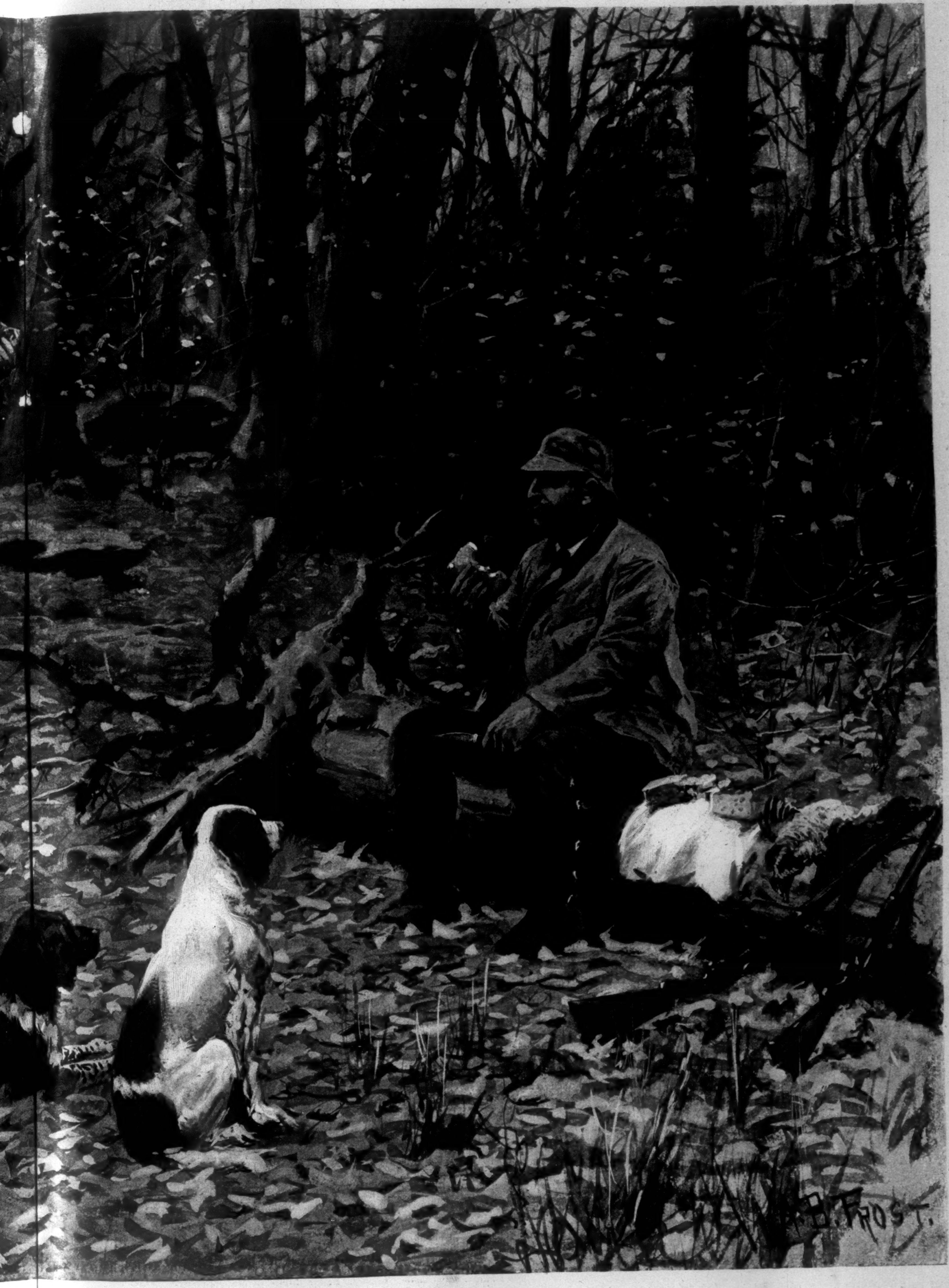
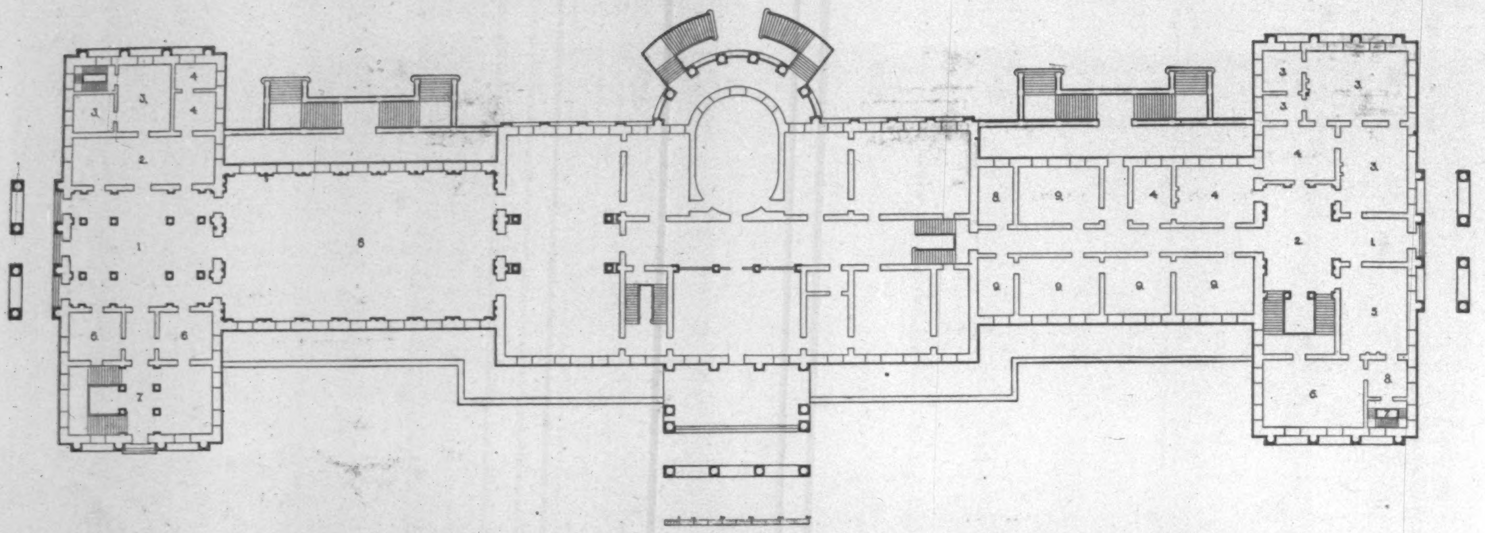


E WOODS.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.



PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE, INCLUDING THE PROPOSED ADDITIONS.

A PROPOSED ENLARGEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE.

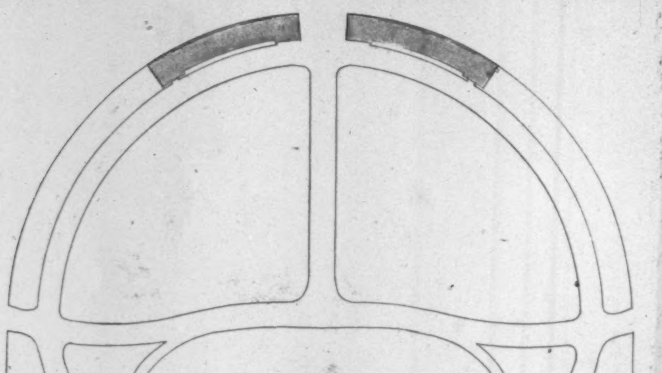
The White House is by far the most important example of domestic architecture of the earlier part of our history that we possess. There is no other residence of its time, or anterior to it, that can compare with it in magnitude of scale and completeness of design. The Colonial residences, so much admired, are almost uniformly buildings of cheap material, on a small scale, and claiming place as works of art wholly by their proportions, and by extraneous additions of porticos and pediments that are not indispensably part of their design. In the White House there is not only the good proportion and balance of parts that mark the buildings of the Colonial period, but there are also a largeness of conception and a freedom of expenditure, nowhere ostentatious, that put it at once above the residences erected by individuals, where the design was almost invariably hampered by the requirements of economy.

The danger of any addition lies in the temptation to add on such a scale and with such lavishness as would destroy the effect of the present building. The perfect addition would be that which would make the completed building seem a single conception; and to approach this ideal as closely as possible it is necessary to keep in the same style and to keep to the same motives. This would not only attain the object of leaving the best effects of the present building intact, but would also produce the most effective whole by making the most of the repetition of motive that is indispensable where dignity and grandeur are sought.

The logical development of the plan is along the long axis of the White House; the façade, while complete and well proportioned in itself, has not length enough to be imposing, and the division of the plan by the longitudinal hall and the arrangement of the apartments make it imperative that the extension should be along the same line. This is also favored by the distribution of the ground. An extension toward the front would bring the building too near the street; toward the rear would bring difficulties—perhaps not hard to overcome—because of the slope of the ground, and, far more important, would interfere with the arrangement of the park, which is one of the most beautiful we have, and which should not be encroached on.

The utilitarian problem to be solved is a combination of three separate and distinct departments into one whole—the division of the building into executive, residential, and social parts, so that the functions of each can be filled without interference with or by the others, and the arrangement of these parts in such relation that intercommunication will be easy, and that, considered together, they will form a single complete building. The White House itself, being primarily the home of the President, as well as being well designed for that purpose, should be kept as the residential portion, and this naturally throws the two other divisions each into a wing

The plan follows these general lines. Length and consequent dignity of the façade, with a sufficient number of breaks to prevent monotony of tone, are obtained without sacrifice of the present building, which remains the central and dominant part of the completed structure, kept well distinct by the recession of the screen walls that connect it with the pavilions at the end. These, repeating in a lower key the central portico, form a satisfactory and definite termination of the façade, sufficiently removed from the central motive and sufficiently subdued by the use of engaged columns to interfere in no way with its effect or to detract from its importance. On the opposite face of the building the use of pediments on the end pavilions may be questioned. The circular portico of the White House is a delicate form that could easily be crushed by contrast of its rounding lines with the angular ones of the pediments, and it would be better to omit them on this façade, crowning the order of the pavilions with a level entablature.



PLAN OF THE WHITE-HOUSE GROUNDS ADAPTED TO THE PROPOSED ADDITIONS.

Given the general scheme as here laid down, the minor arrangements work themselves out. The great hall in the eastern wing falls naturally behind the screen wall, where it is adjacent to the present suite of parlors; the vestibule is best put in the centre of the end pavilion, not only because this situation gives the best effect, artistically considered, but also because it gives the best arrangement of cloak-rooms, etc., leaving the front of the pavilion free for the minor vestibule, for the accommodation of more distinguished guests, and for entrance to the suite of rooms in the second story.

The distribution of the offices in the executive wing is a matter to be governed entirely by motives of convenience, with such limitations of artistic effect as are proper to the bureau of the head of the nation. A convenient general reception-room, opening to other more private reception-rooms for the President and his secretary, closely communicating offices for these, and easily accessible rooms for the cabinet and for records and clerks—these sum up the conditions of the problem, which is principally a matter of arrangement of the disposable space. The vestibule is easy of access either from without or from the White House. The President's rooms are well put in the southern portion of the building, where they have the greatest privacy and the most agreeable exposure and outlook; and the importance of communication with the private secretary's rooms has not been overlooked, nor the matter of communication between these and the public and the clerks' rooms.

This distribution solves the utilitarian side of the problem, and develops the plan to the extent of fulfilling all the needs of the public, the social and the residential requirements. These are questions of common practice, and, given the large lines, any intelligent architect would answer them in a like manner. It is therefore not in the scope of criticism to look for original work in what would form a proper and complete plan for the Presidential residence.

The point is this, that it is perfectly proper to take the White House and extend it in length, using all the motifs that it possesses, and to create a perfect architectural composition. The elements being in existence, and being the best that we possess in architectural archæology, it is more than incumbent upon the government that it preserve them, and in the carrying out of the fulfilment as it were of what the present building indicates, to create a perfect building.

It seems that in placing so large a space around the White House, and providing amply at each end so perfect a field for extending this building, the original projectors of it must have conceived the very plan that is here presented; and it seems that in all the government buildings, both ideal and actual, some such thought was entertained by the original framers. The Constitution has always been able to be extended to meet the needs of all coming generations, and the Capitol was evidently intended to be extended and to be made the most beautiful legislative building in the world; the same is true of the Treasury, and it is more than ever true of the White House that the body of an exceedingly beautiful building is already in existence. It is therefore not a question of who shall develop or discover what is best to be done to make a Presidential residence; the fact is that we have before us the very soul and substance from which to frame as beautiful a building as the Capitol or the Treasury.

Bruce Price.

THE STORY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

The President's House was the first public building reared in the District of Columbia. Its corner-stone was laid with Masonic ceremonies on October 13, 1792. The design, which followed in its general lines that of the palace of the Duke of Leinster at Dublin, was made by a young architect of Charleston, named James Hoban. He was the successful participant in a competition, for which the principal prize was five hundred dollars; and he received a like sum yearly for his services as superintendent of construction. The house took more than seven years to build, and John Adams, the first President to make it his official home, moved into it in November, 1800. The chief material used for the walls was sandstone, which was brought from Maryland and Virginia quarries on boats, and landed at a wharf specially built for the purpose at the foot of Seventeenth Street. Davie Burns, the obstinate Scotch gardener, who became a historic figure through his quarrel with George Washington, struggled hard to prevent the wagons that bore the stone up to the site from passing through his grounds. As the era of snap injunctions had not yet dawned, and as, in any event, no judge was sitting nearer than Upper Marlboro or Annapolis, his opposition was fruitless.

The money with which to build the President's House was as hard to get in those days as money for any like use is now. The plan as first drawn showed three stories; but the public outcry against such extravagance caused the commissioners to cut it down to two stories and basement. Unfortunately the building of the Capitol began soon after the foundations of the President's House were laid, and Congress became terrified at the joint expense of the two enterprises.

The projectors had supposed that the sale of city lots, in view of the transfer of the seat of government to Washington, would abundantly pay for both buildings, but they were disappointed. Resort was then had to the issue of six-per-cent. stock, but the credit of the Federal government was so low that the first loan had to be floated at about sixty cents on the dollar. Later it rose to eighty cents. Most of the money was borrowed from Virginia and Maryland. It is on the strength of one of these loans that Virginia still claims a live lien for $120,000 upon the property; she has never taken any active steps to enforce it, however, and not long ago her Legislature made it over to the Mount Vernon Avenue Association—a local corporation.

While efforts were in progress to procure the means to finish the President's House and the Capitol, the cheese-paring tendencies of Congress came strikingly to the front. A good many members were unable to see the need of two such buildings where one would answer. Some urged the abandonment of the Capitol, the use of the President's House for the meetings of Congress, and the renting of unpretentious quarters for the President; others proposed the abandonment of the President's House, then under way, and the erection of a more modest affair close to the Capitol. Either of these diversions would have been very bad economy at the stage matters had already reached. Measured by more modern standards of government expenditure, the amount in controversy seems pitifully small when we find that the total cost of the President's House, even down to the year 1814, including furnishings and repairs, was only about $334,000.

In all the preliminaries to the formal installation of the President in an official mansion, George Washington had taken the liveliest interest. Although denied the privilege of seeing the plans completed, his last trip to the District before his death was made memorable by a visit to the building, then receiving its finishing-touches from the carpenters and painters. Its appearance gave him the greatest satisfaction. Mrs. Adams, who presided over its first household of tenants, was less easily pleased. Her complaints are a subject of historical record. "The house is on a grand and superb scale," she wrote, "requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables. The lighting of the apartments, from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed, but the fires we are obliged to keep, to secure us from daily agues, are cheering. Bells are wholly wanting; not one hung throughout the whole house, and promises are all we can obtain." Mrs. Adams used what is now the great state drawing-room as a place for drying the family linen. About ten years ago an aged female member of the Adams family, whose memory of her childhood was still very vivid, was taken into the East Room to view its decorations, and exclaimed: "What changes! Why, there used to be a wash-bowl over near those windows, and in that corner stood a tub! We stretched clothes-lines across the room from hooks stuck in the walls, and in this corner near the front we kept all our playthings."

The President's House was in its primitive condition still when Tom Moore visited it in 1804, and was presented to President Jefferson in his "homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings." The house impressed Moore as "a very noble structure, by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled with a very wide paling. through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America."

About forty years later, Charles Dickens described the building in his *American Notes* as "more like an English club-house, both within and without, than any other kind of establishment."

It was during the period of which Moore wrote that the social side of life in the President's House first shared in importance with its official side. Mr. Jefferson having lost his wife, the duty of acting as hostess at dinners and receptions devolved, by his wish, upon the famous "Dolly" Madison, wife of the Secretary of State. Mr. Madison's later service as President was made memorable by the war of 1812 and the capture of Washington by the British. The decisive battle leading up to this climax was fought at Bladensburg, Maryland, on the outskirts of the District of Columbia. The President had passed the day in the rear of the American line, and when he saw that defeat was inevitable, he sent a messenger to warn his wife. Mrs. Madison's first thought was for an oil portrait of George Washington by Stuart, which was one of the few art treasures owned by the young republic. She had it taken down from the wall and sent out of town in custody of the retreating American army, while she made her escape with the remnant of the household. The picture found temporary shelter in a farm-house a little way out of town; and most fortunately, for the first thing the British invaders did was to burn the public buildings and destroy everything of value in them.

In restoring the President's House a coating of white paint was applied to the stone surface, as the best remedy for the discoloration caused by the fire. Out of this circumstance grew the title White House, which has clung to the mansion ever since, though never recognized officially. It was not till after the restoration that any attempt was made to beautify the grounds about the building. During Jackson's administration the great north portico was built; and this, with the later addition of the generous greenhouses, is the only essential change which has been made for three-quarters of a century.

About several of the rooms in the old house cluster associations with momentous events in the country's history. In this one occurred the quarrel of Jackson's Cabinet over Peggy O'Neill; in that one ebbed away the life of William Henry Harrison, the first President to die in office; here Lincoln sat when he signed the Emancipation Proclamation; there Garfield suffered his long agony; and yonder is where the great-grandson of George III. slept during his brief sojourn. From Washington's farewell visit to the capital city down to the present day no event of note in connection with the government of the United States has been without its White House chapter. It is due to these memories that, though the house has been so long outgrown by its occupants and its uses, every proposal to tear it down and to build another of adequate size and more modern equipment has been strenuously resisted.

Such suggestions, by-the-way, have been almost numberless. Sometimes they have come from an unselfish wish to facilitate the business or to accommodate the family of the President, sometimes from a desire to spend the public money faster or to provide fresh jobs for building contractors. A favorite project mooted by real-estate speculators from time to time during the last twenty-five years has been to abandon the White House for residence purposes, and to build a new mansion for the President in some place where the value of surrounding property may be duly "boomed" by it. The Messmore estate, on Meridian Hill, north of the city; Metropolis View, to the northeast, between Lincoln Avenue and the old Bladensburg Road; Harewood, the late W. W. Corcoran's country-seat, now a part of the Soldiers' Home grounds; and the Moncure Robinson homestead, adjoining the Soldiers' Home on the east—have all received favorable consideration in their time. The most recent scheme has been to build the new house on the high ground at the head of Sixteenth Street, where it would face the White House at a distance of about two miles of fine driveway.

Of the plans for remodelling the present house or adding to it, the one which has attracted widest attention, owing to the personality of its author, is that of the late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. Her idea was to preserve the present building as an architectural centre, and to convert it wholly to domestic uses, but to throw out two large wings on the eastern and western ends respectively, each to be surmounted with a dome, and connected with the central body by a rotunda containing statuary. The wings would have independent pillared porticos, facing on the one side the Treasury, and on the other the State, War, and Navy Department building. In a large court-yard was to be placed an allegorical fountain commemorative of the facts that Columbus passed his first day on American soil on October 13, 1492, and that just three hundred years later the corner-stone of the Executive Mansion was laid. The conservatory and greenhouses, enlarged and improved, were to face the southern entrance to the central structure; and the house was to be surrounded by a fine marble terrace and balustrade, always open to the public for a promenade.

A design by W. A. Robertson was less elaborate, consisting chiefly of extending the two ends of the house for a considerable distance; drawing the present north portico enough further out to preserve the symmetry of the whole and to prevent the effect of flatness, and relieving the density of the eastern and western extremities by an ingenious pillar treatment.

Colonel John M. Wilson, of the engineers, who, as Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, has had general charge of the White House through both Cleveland administrations, recommended in 1889 that a building suitable for office purposes be put up on the site of the present greenhouses. "This executive office," said he, "should be connected by a corridor with the main building, and would be of great assistance in caring for the large crowds during the winter evening receptions. The conservatory and greenhouses, the wood-work of which is, as a rule, old and decaying, could be rebuilt on the east side of the mansion opposite the Treasury. A picture-gallery might be built opening from the East Room, and thence into a handsome conservatory arranged with a winter-garden."

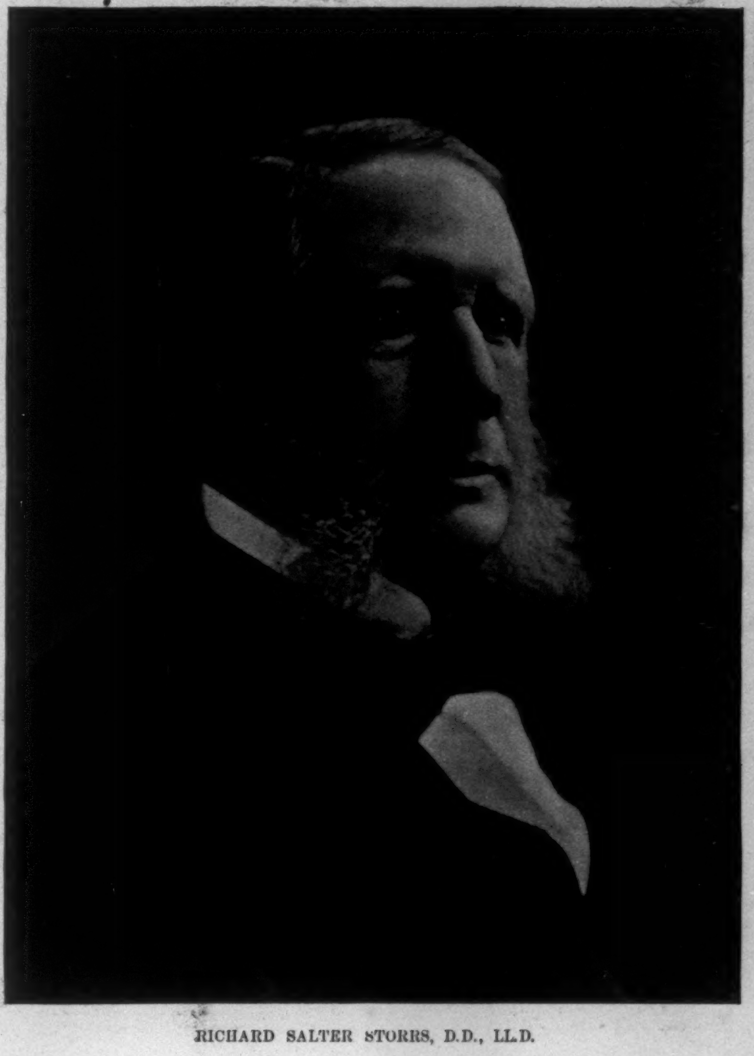
Congress has never yet shown any disposition to respond to such suggestions, and therefore the White House, crowded and uncomfortable as it has become with the persistent encroachment of the official upon the domestic domain, has remained substantially unchanged from Madison's time to ours.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

"WHOM the gods love die young," old writers say;
But I look at it quite another way.
  To linger at the work one loves the best
Is much too human not to be divine:
Why should those Shaping Hands a shape resign
  Before a perfect life has been expressed?

MARRION WILCOX.



RICHARD SALTER STORRS, D.D., LL.D.

DR. STORRS'S GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY.

THE citizens of Brooklyn have just closed a series of becoming tributes to their most eloquent divine, whose fame, passed into the possession of Christendom, and the pride of all branches of the church in the United States, may without impropriety be spoken of as illustrious. As preacher, pastor, author, citizen, Richard Salter Storrs, D.D., LL.D., long has held a unique and picturesque place in the ministry of the country. His life, now advanced beyond the allotted span, has been a continuous devotion to the noblest forms of service. It is the lot of few to face the sunset with intellectual and bodily powers that so well retain the splendor of their prime, and to round out a record so replete in all that makes for serenity and satisfaction. For fifty years he has been pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims. During most of those years the lustre of its pulpit has attracted the admiration of English-speaking peoples. To that pulpit a large proportion of those whom we are accustomed to speak of as the laity have looked, and not in vain, for sound and conservative exposition of Scriptural doctrine and for reliable instruction in morals, while preachers everywhere have turned to it for those finished specimens of homiletic art that present truth in forms at once simple and majestic. Few will dispute that its occupant is the foremost master of sustained eloquence now living on this continent, and with the exception of Martineau, it may well be doubted whether as a rhetorician he has a superior among the preachers of the world. Indeed, his periods, notwithstanding their wealth of ornament, have a warmth and glow that are wanting in the dazzling sentences of his more profound contemporary. He has thus been able to gain the popular attention to a degree the more abstruse and vigorous thinker has not enjoyed. By their recognition of his signal merit Brooklyn and the Church of the Pilgrims have expressed the feeling of the nation, and made the people at large their debtors.

Representing the fourth generation in an unbroken line of Congregational ministers, the son of the late Rev. Richard S. Storrs (for more than fifty years pastor of the Congregational church in Braintree, Massachusetts), the special aptitudes of Dr. Storrs are his by inheritance. Educated at the academy in Monson and at Amherst, his first charge was at Brookline, Massachusetts. He remained there a year, and in November, 1846, at twenty-five years of age, accepted the call of the church where he has since labored. It was the pioneer church of Congregationalism in Brooklyn, and has been the helpful mother of the ecclesiastical children that have grown up around it. From the beginning of Dr. Storrs's pastorate onward, it increasingly attracted a membership distinguished for intellectual and social influence. Pastor and people have been admirably adapted to each other. Wealth in the pew has been unostentatious, and worth in the pulpit the foe of sensationalism and sham. The Puritan ideals that tempered the liberal spirit of the preacher imparted also their sobriety, strength, and dignity to the cultivation of the flock.

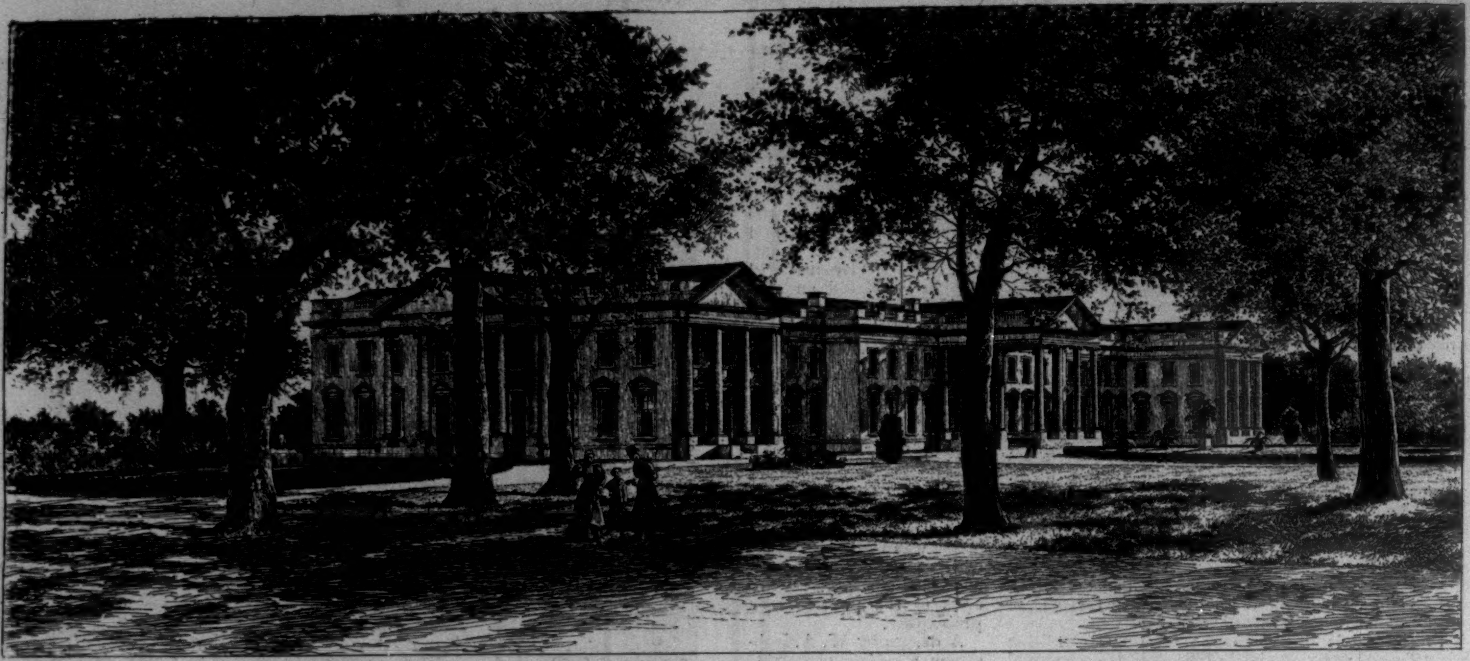
During all his ministry Dr. Storrs has taken an active part in everything relating to Brooklyn, and early became an acknowledged influence in its civic affairs. He has seen the city grow from a village to its present extent and importance, and yielding to public insistence, has held official relation to its Department of Public Parks and served as one of its commissioners of civil service. As president of the Long Island Historical Society he made it pre-eminent among the societies of Brooklyn, and his work in its behalf will remain as not the least of his enduring memorials. He has been a courteous but consistent opponent of the consolidation of Brooklyn with the metropolis.

Less a man of the people than his great contemporary, Henry Ward Beecher, his services in popular movements were less demanded than those of the latter during his lifetime; but he has been sought invariably to grace occasions distinctly intellectual, and to make memorable and impressive events of civic ceremony. His oration at the opening of the East River Bridge was a notable specimen of classic eloquence.

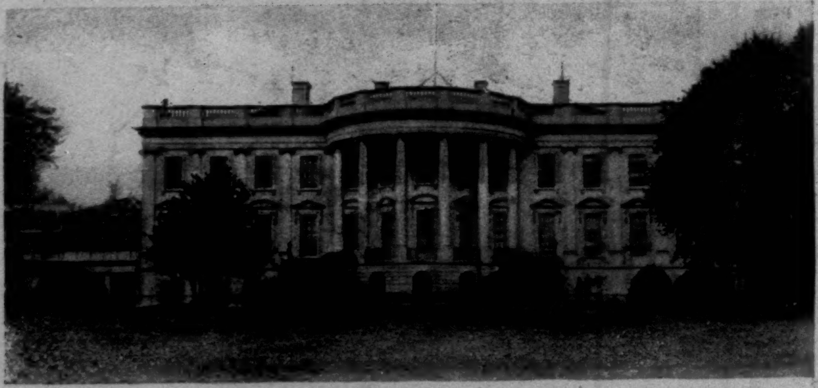
The public exercises marking the golden anniversary of his pastorate began, properly, on Sunday, the 15th inst., when, at the request of his parishioners, he preached an anniversary sermon. On the following day the Manhattan Conference of Congregational Ministers, by the Rev. Drs. McLeod, Lyman, and Virgin, presented him with an exquisitely designed loving-cup. On Tuesday, the 17th, he was the guest of honor at a dinner of the Hamilton Club, when speeches eulogistic of his career were made by Judge Willard Bartlett, of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court; Hon. E. M. Shepard, Hon. A. T. White, and Principal Truman J. Backus, the guest responding. On Thursday, the 19th, the anniversary proper, a reception was held in the parlors of the Pilgrim Church in the afternoon, and a meeting representative of Congregational and other religious bodies took place in the church in the evening. The events were brought to a close by a citizens' meeting in the Academy of Music Friday night, when addresses were delivered by the Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, Seth Low, LL.D., President of Columbia University, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, and others, Dr. Storrs responding.

The celebrations, with their substantial accompaniments, were worthy of a career whose conservatism is the admiration of the orthodox, and whose magnanimity and tolerance evoked, some years ago, as will be remembered, the thanks of so zealous a son of the elder Church as the late Cardinal Newman.

S. GIFFARD NELSON.

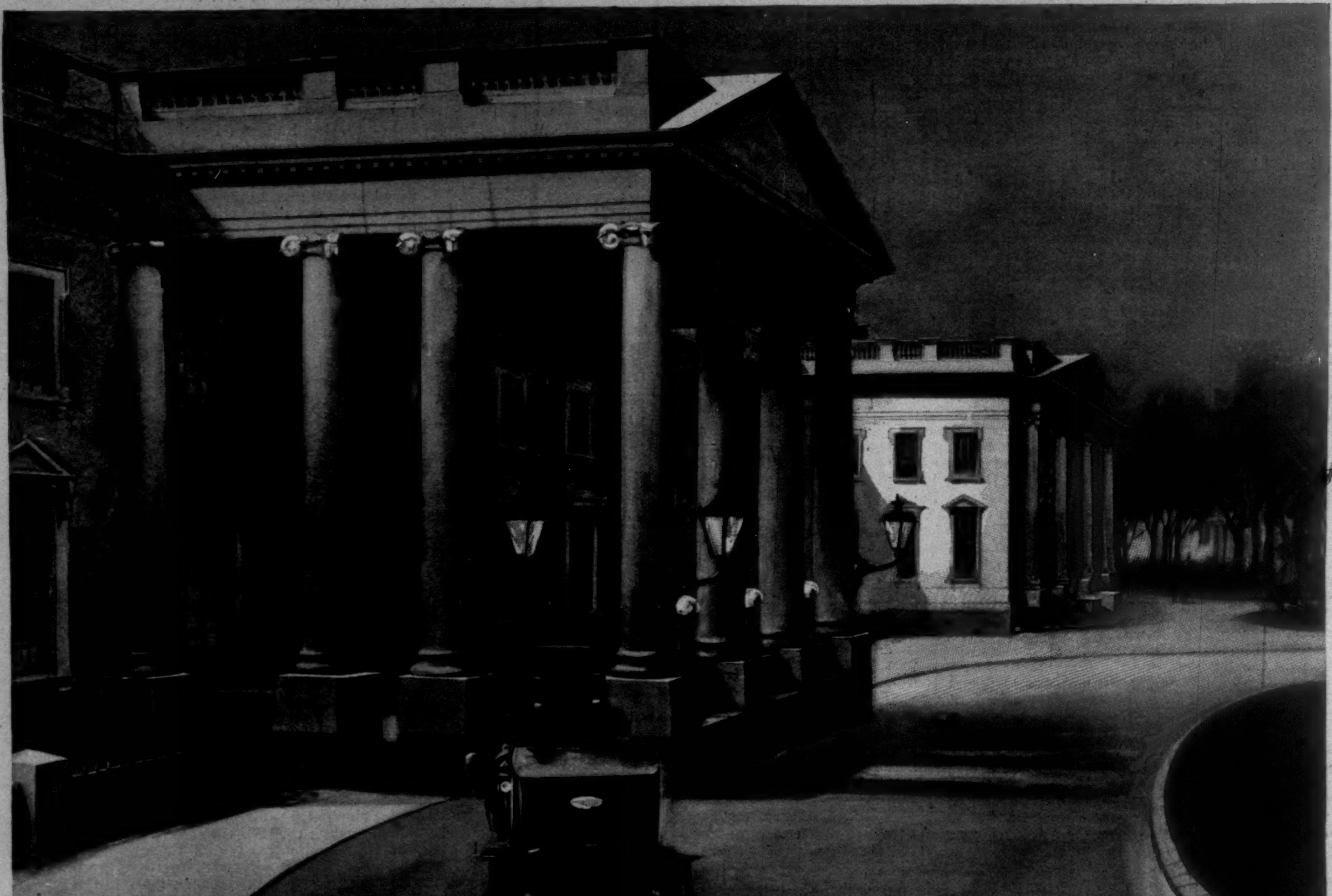


THE WHITE HOUSE WITH THE PROPOSED ADDITIONS.—Drawn by Arthur J. Dillon, Architect, and C. H. Macdonald.



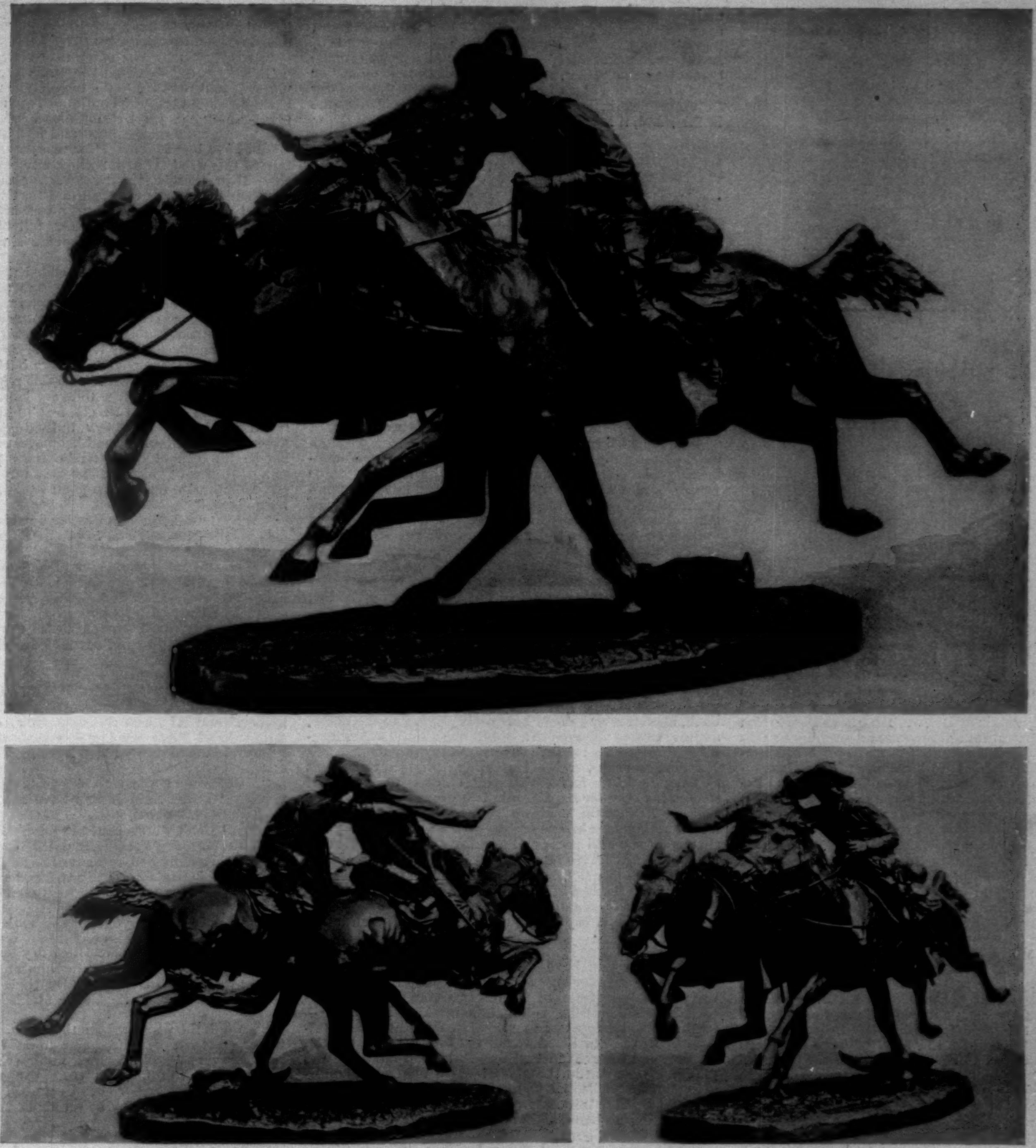
REAR OF THE PRESENT WHITE HOUSE.

FRONT OF THE PRESENT WHITE HOUSE.



THE APPROACH TO THE WHITE HOUSE, SHOWING THE PRESENT PORCH AND ONE OF THE PROPOSED WINGS.

A PROPOSED ENLARGEMENT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—[See Page 1174.]



"THE WOUNDED BUNKIE"—A BRONZE STATUETTE BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIS AND SANFORD.

"THE WOUNDED BUNKIE."

THE enlisted man in the United States army is a rover, to begin with. Local attachments do not hold him, and new fields and new faces are his changing lot. But a company of men thrown together in the rough life of the plains presently find their individual affinities, in a certain fashion. Men who are unconsciously attracted to one another pair off by a sort of natural selection. The accidents of the mess, or of the choice of bunks in the rude barracks, bring them together on such terms of daily intercourse as lead to rough-and-ready friendships. With no weak show of sentimental attachment, these soldiers of fortune nevertheless develop kindly impulses toward one another, and each, according to his temperament and his taste, discovers some fellow in his company for whom he would do a favor, and find an undefined and ununderstood pleasure in the act. Be the night cold and the position exposed, there is always some one man with whom he will share his blanket or the last drop in his canteen; one companion for whose safety in time of peril he will risk even his own life. That man is his "bunkie."

In his second exploit into the realm of sculpture, "The Wounded Bunkie," Mr. Frederic Remington has chosen for his theme a tragic incident of frontier adventure which marks a distinct advance over his somewhat humorous statuette, the "Bronco Buster," in which he demonstrated his mastery of form as well as of line. The "Bronco Buster" was a fine achievement in expressing in bronze the most violent action—a plucky trooper holding his seat in the saddle like a Centaur while taming a whirlwind.

In Mr. Remington's present, much more ambitious work there are romance and sentiment of a manly sort, while the artist has given still further evidence of what we have all known all along, from his illustrations in black and white—namely, his complete and intimate mastery of the nature and anatomy of the horse. The technical and mechanical problems that have been solved in the execution of this work are novel and intricate. The two horses are in full gallop, side by side, the wounded bunkie supported in his saddle by the strong friendly arm of the trooper, who has overtaken him just in time to save the unconscious man from falling. The action of the horses is superb, especially of that one from whose rider's nerveless hand the rein has fallen. Motion is expressed in a marvellous way in bronze; and this sense of free action, of the mad gallop of the uncurbed steed and the intelligent dash of the other alongside, is greatly heightened by the skilful manner in which both animals are made to appear as if in the air, barely touching the earth. The nigh hind leg of one horse and nigh fore leg of the other are contrived so as to support and balance the whole group in the most natural manner possible.

From whatever point of view, the lines of the group are admirable and the composition is perfectly balanced. There is a certain sense of stiffness in that fore leg of the succoring trooper's horse that is on the ground, as well as the other fore leg that is projected in almost a straight line forward, but that is one of the peculiarities of the gait of a running horse that Mr. Remington has taught us to regard as perfectly true, although not always familiar to eyes untrained and inexpert. In modelling, the horses are of that rawboned breed that distinguishes the cavalry mount of the plains from the sleek hackney of the town. They are angular and wiry, and as powerful and long-enduring as they are unkempt and ungainly.

In the treatment of the troopers, Mr. Remington has given us the type of the stalwart and brave men who guard our Western frontier; and the trappings of the cavalryman, his sword, carbine, canteen, and cup, his blanket, pistols, and holster, his belts and buckles, are a study of detailed completeness in equipment. Perhaps a little more simplicity in the treatment of the garments of the bunkie, which now appear to be a trifle overwrought in the matter of wrinkles and folds, might have relieved this remarkably interesting statuette of about the only present ground for criticism.

CHARLES MASON FAIRBANKS.

A DREAM ROSE.

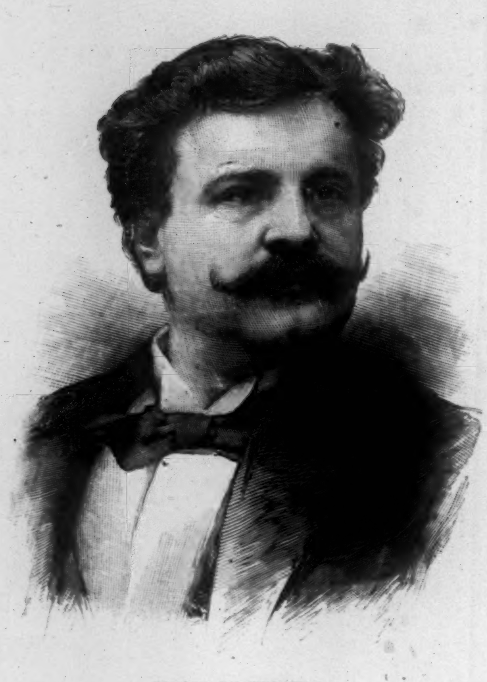
I HEAR the tempest loud and drear
 That madly sways the leafless trees,
And moans across the darkened mere,
 A surge of ghostly fantasies.

Yet, while the sorrowful refrain
 So weirdly at my casement blows,
I quite forget the wind and rain
 In dreaming of the summer rose.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL.

MR. ROSENTHAL was not a pianist on whom the eyes and ears of America had turned when he first visited us, eight seasons ago. He was known to be a young Austrian of high tuition, including the instructions, at least in passing, of Mr. Rafael Joseffey. The echoes of his triumphs as a new virtuoso had caught the attention chiefly of those whose business it is to be vedettes in music, and his individuality was a youthful and hazy one in New York. Nor was his advent to the United States as happily conducted a début as it might have been. But on many auditors present, from time to time, at those earlier concerts down in shabby old Steinway Hall, an immediate and ineffaceable impression was left. This mild-looking young man played the piano-forte as nobody else played it, where there was question of sheer and consummate virtuosity. Here was one who seemed born to technique as other folks are born to compute columns of figures at a glance, born to recite the page of a newspaper correctly after once reading it through, born to tell you by sense of smell the precise formula of a complex perfume or by a finger-tip to distinguish in a dark room between blue silk or green. Mr. Rosenthal did not stay long. Then came Mr. Ignace Paderewski—in especial came Mr. Paderewski. Pretty nearly every other piano-forte player in creation was forgot here. We had the most general and unlimited artistic sensation that this country has experienced. It was a sensation that passed the bounds of intelligence, and even of justice; that sent to piano-forte recitals three hours long thousands of able-bodied men and women who could not have told you, of their own conviction, that Beethoven was not a new young composer from Oklahoma. Moreover, Mr. Paderewski was and is a notable, often a dazzling, virtuoso, as well as a magnificent interpreter of the highest sort of emotional music for the piano-forte. For all that, now and then were heard folk who came away from the Polish pianist's mightiest displays talking about the way in which little Moriz Rosenthal used to give certain Hungarian Rhapsodies; how he had played Liszt's "Don Juan" Fantasia; and what superhuman mastery of the keyboard had nearly set people's eyes and ears to popping out of their heads when it had come to a particular transcription of themes from waltzes of Johann Strauss. So Mr. Rosen-



MORIZ ROSENTHAL.
From a copyrighted Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

thal was not forgotten even in the seethe of a Paderewskian frenzy. There were others. There was another

Meantime, at home, Mr. Rosenthal's musical personality has matured and ripened. His astonishing mastery of his instrument has taken a shade deeper of the marvellous to itself. His reputation has attained the firmest sort of definition abroad. Again he is here. Time has added to him more than one needful inner element of a superior artist's equipment. But he also returns to us to establish himself in our judgments and in our tables of artistic comparisons once again as the great demon of the clavier, as the archtechnicist of the piano, as the one man alive who seems unable to find anything so hard for ten fingers to play that in playing it he does not make it seem quite a comfortable and easy little recreation. An excited Italian once swore that he saw Satan standing behind Paganini to guide his bow through superhuman difficulties of violinism. When a certain great colorature soprano of the last century was singing, one night, a passage that seemed beyond the agility of any human larynx, a man called out from the gallery, "Damn her! she has a nest of nightingales in her." When Carl Tausig, "the infallible, with his steel fingers," played Liszt's A-flat Polonaise before its author and Peter Cornelius—"He knocked us clean over with his octaves," says Cornelius. A Polish concert-goer vowed that Liszt had "a machine," that he concealed somehow about the piano-forte, in order to produce the tonal effects and to compass the feats of mere execution demanded by Liszt's most herculean works and performances.

Vague ideas of these kinds well may cross the imagination of the hearer of Rosenthal when this comfortable-looking, stolid, surpassing demoniac conqueror of the keyboard, this virtuoso of virtuosi, is busy before us with Ludwig Schytte's Concerto in C-sharp minor—with his own study of Chopin's waltz in D-flat major, where thirds and sixths and octaves take the place of single notes, and the second subject of the pretty trifle is turned to a contrapuntal terror—with the gossamer Strauss waltz-pot-pourri aforesaid, beyond which can no human hands go, as far as concerns difficulty, and the effect of eight hands, not two. The wonder grows with each of such exhibitions. No one now known on the concert-stage can outrival this plump wizard from the Danube at such spells. Are his hands really much like those of other pianists? Much like hands that never play the piano at all? Apparently so. But the ear suspects them otherwise. Rosenthal seemed created with a genius that makes them everywhere or anywhere at once. They know not "rights" and "lefts." One is like the other. The intricacies of the closest writing are trivial for them. Octaves are counted as stubble. So are things vastly worse than octaves. Fatigue is unknown. Every shade of dynamics in touch is controlled. We believe in the impossible—because hearing and seeing it by five minutes at a time.

It must not be gathered that Rosenthal is a mere machine of the piano-forte—a fireworks. He is a musician of superior intellectuality; in much he is one of due sentiment, and an interpreter as well as an executant. Few pianists play Mozart more purely and with more of what the Germans call *innig* quality. He is a serious and interesting Beethovenist. He has great tone—though somehow that element is not essentially moving. In the more modern and romantic composers he shows high appreciativeness; and generally he takes them and makes them as they are, not as they might be. But it is eminently in the demesne of the great technicists in piano-forte composition, the music in which consummate dexterity is an integral business, that Rosenthal impresses. Therein flashes out his real individuality to-day; supreme, almost unique; certainly with nobody beyond him.

It is all wonderful, quite approved. It is all quite in touch with the popular and accented art-ideas and situations of the day. Yet, even with Paderewski, or Rosenthal, or some other, a-playing away in a great, crammed concert-hall a half-block square, instead of in a moderate-sized auditorium; and with that consummate instrument which the modern piano-forte is, resounding under the relentless warfare of his hands, with a whirlwind of applause following each number—one cannot but muse on the relation of contemporary pianism to real pianistic art, and to true piano-forte music, and to all music. As a writer on the topic remarks: "Whilst in past times the performer treated his instrument as a respected and beloved friend, and almost caressed it, many of our present performers appear to treat it as an enemy who has to be fought with and conquered. These exaggerated notions cannot last, and their frequent misapplication must in the end become evident to the public; and it is probable that sooner or later a reaction will set in and the sound principles of our forefathers again be followed." There is good doctrine in this; and, it is to be hoped, a safe prophecy.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

"AROUND THE STOVE AT LAVERTY'S."

BY F. BERKELEY SMITH.

THE bell rang for supper, a cheer went up, and simultaneously the front legs of ten chairs came to the floor with a bang, and a crowd of sunburnt, hungry hunters scuffled out of the "office" and through the narrow hallway into the low-ceiled dining-room of "Hunters' Home." At one end of this room, along a snow-white table, under the mellow glow of lamps, a dozen honest dishes steamed away—great platters heaped with smoking venison, dishes of mashed potatoes, and clustered about them a score of good things, from the best of home-made sausages to pies and pickles.

If you had been all day alone on a brook and hadn't heard a dog—if the monotony of eleven hours of constant watching had been broken only by lunch, when you unravelled the doughnuts from the two slices of bread-and-butter, and had eaten your piece of cake last, the whole washed down with a gulp of brook water, lest through a moment of inattention you should miss that streak of gray as it flashed past you through the alders, or crossed with a bound ten rods below you over the stones—the present genial occasion, this wholesome dinner, with its atmosphere of good-fellowship, would have dispelled the memory of its hottest, coldest, or hungriest hour. A dozen times that day you had left your seat on the log, alternating between your original stand and a pile of driftwood ten rods above you on the brook, that you might catch the first notes of the old dog as he crested the ridge away up in the green timber; or had drifted away into a doze at noon, lulled by the gurgle and chatter of the stream as it purled along in the warm sunlight. You had crossed the brook, too, once or twice, and listened on the opposite bank, confident you could hear a dog baying to the north, and discovered there were a dozen dogs in the water rumbling through a miniature cavern under your feet.

Again, perhaps, a bee humming through the burnt clearing opposite had fooled you, or the distant bell of some stray cow on the hill-side had brought you to your senses. At last the shadows back of the hemlocks grew longer. A gentle breeze crept down stream, shirring the surface of the still pools and sending a shower of vermilion and yellow leaves into the brook. They started slowly, like some gay flotilla, dancing past you as they strike the ripple at the end of the pool.

The sun had set, and you are very hungry.

Suddenly Jeph bays away up in that short notch to the right.

Only when you have reached home and have washed up and are ready for supper, and your prize is hanging by the gambrels in front of the old place, and you have received the congratulations of the household, do you realize just what happened in the fifteen minutes that followed. How your blood warmed at the first sound of the old dog, and the next instant that three-year-old buck was plunging past you in the alders! You remember pumping out three shells, but you did not hear the roar of your own gun. And how finally you overhauled him as he jumped for the bank, and another shot sent him hard on his back with a convulsive kick, and how pleasant the world seemed after that! How Jeph tore through the alders a minute later, and you were still gazing at him, the old dog licking his throat and horns, when Jim came with the team and helped you snake him down to the road and tumble him into the wagon! You remembered, too, that you were glad you were alive and trudging along back of your prize down the valley in the crisp, cool air of an Adirondack twilight.

But I am wandering.

"How about that, Al?" pipes up the doctor, at the end of the table, as our good landlord, Al Laverty, a veteran backwoodsman, enters with Jeph at his heels, the hound's nails clicking along the bare floor as he stalks towards the table.

"By gol, doctor, it wa'n't half an hour from the time me and Jim struck thet short timber and ran up onto thet leetle green cobble 'fore I heerd thet Jeph dog a-comin' luk a whirlwind. Whar me and Jim set we could see clear up and down the river, and while we was settin' thar I ses to Jim, 'sI, 'I'll bet ye th' cigars the old dog 'll drive int' th' head th' falls,' and then I heerd th' puppy clear up back of whar Bill and me sot our traps last winter, and 'twa'n't a minute 'fore I heerd th' gun crack at the Monte runway. I tell ye what it is, gentlemen, when thet Jeph makes up his mind, they hain't got time to stop and make up their beds."

This latter remark was cut short by a sharp bark from Jeph.

"Be still, you old fool!" roars Al, and he tosses a slice of venison to the dog, who stands alert, his kindly brown eyes shifting pleadingly with every movement of the hunter's hand. A grasp of the powerful jaws on a second piece, and the next instant he is bumping his nose against my elbow. Who could refuse him?

"Thar ye be agin—don't ye never git enough to eat?" continued Al, and the trapper feigned as if to strike him—a blow that falls so kindly on Jeph's haunch, ending in a big hug, the hound whining and struggling to free his head.

At this juncture my old friend the forester accepts Betty's challenge to have another pancake, utterly forgetting the six that preceded it. While the girls are laughing over their dishes in the summer kitchen we are back about the stove in the office, and the question of the morrow's hunt comes up for discussion, Jeph lying in his favorite corner next the stove, his head on his paws, his brown eyes shifting from one to the other of the group as the different changes on the runways are discussed.

"As for me," puts in the surveyor, "I'll stick to the Twin Bridges. It's just as Jim says, if a feller will only stick to one place and not keep moving around, he's bound to kill something in the end. Most of you fellers have had your share, but mine is coming later, boys. I haven't given up hope yet by a long shot. You know the old saying, 'A poor beginning makes a good ending.'"

"That's it, old boy," adds the forester. "It's the hanging to it that does it; that's the secret in killing deer. It is the five minutes," he continues between short puffs of his cigar—"it is the five minutes or the half-hour after you have gotten discouraged and left, had you staid, you would have had a shot. How many chances have we all missed this way! It's funny how a fellow's luck will run, too. Now there's Hite Dewey, over in Keene—used to hunt with the boys every fall, and for five years, although he had plenty of deer killed around him, somehow they never came his way. The next fall his luck changed, and he has never had any trouble since in killing his share."

"I remember those hunts," added the artist. "What good times we used to have then; sometimes ten or fifteen of us would camp for three weeks on the Upper Ausable Pond! It was a picturesque sight to see the long single file of men trudging along over the carry, each man with his duffle on his back, a Winchester in one hand, and a stone jug in the other. Those were in the good old days, boys, not so very long ago, when this region clear through to the other side was free to every honest hunter. Now look at it. There is little comfort in hunting over great tracts controlled by a few individuals, few of whom hunt or fish themselves, and keep every one else from doing so, or compel you, after buying a permit, to submit to a collection of rules that no sane hunter would follow. Let the State go on with its good work, and we will abide by its laws."

"Whoa! back!" comes a voice outside.

It is Hite Munsey, who has come up to join the hunt.

"Whar's Ed?" Al asks.

"Wall, Ed cal'ated to come along—said he wa'n't goin' to miss huntin' with you fellers—an' come time to start, his woman took sick. Hello, Bill!" continues Hite. "How goes it? Good? How's yourself?"

Hite untangles a dog-chain under the forward seat, and lifts a big spotted hound out into the glare of Al's stable lantern.

Al's face lights up.

"Wall, whar'd ye git *him*, Hite? I tell ye what it is, boys, him and th' old dog 'll have some great times together," and Al looks the new-comer over, running his strong hand down the hound's clean-cut powerful fore legs, and concluding with, "I goll, Hite, you got a good one."

"Hite!" comes a sweet voice from the other end of the porch. "Come right in and have supper; you must be most starved. Come, girls."

"Wall, don't worry 'bout me—dun'no' ez I keer to eat."

"Hite, step right inside, and I'll tend to her," and Al leads the steaming mare under the tangled apple-trees to the barn, where she too has a soft bed and a good supper.

The crowds have resumed their chairs about the stove, and I am left alone on the porch.

Katherine and her younger sister, Peggy, her blue eyes dancing under a wealth of chestnut curls, are screaming with laughter over some of Hite's dry humor in the dining-room. They ply him with a thousand questions about the news down his way—"Do the girls like the new teacher?" and about the dance at his cousin's the week before.

Through the window I see the crowd listening intently, under great rifts of blue smoke, to one of Uncle Bill's narratives, every detail of which he describes with gestures, pausing only to refill his pipe. Perhaps it is some reminiscence of the war, for both Uncle Bill and his brother Al are veterans—or it may be all about the killing of some big buck.

What a night it is!—the valley flooded with moonlight, the range sleeping clear-cut against the stars. How still it is!—only the faint roar of the river as it swings through the valley, and now and then the distant baying of some lonely hound up the road. A gentle breeze rustles the dead leaves about the porch—an apple drops with a soft thud away back in the orchard.

From the chimney the smoke rises straight into the cold air—an air so bracing that when you fill your lungs it seems to creep down, like some delicious cold drink, without stopping until it has tucked itself away under your belt. It is better than all the medicine in the world, and as pure as a mountain spring, and comes to you filtered through a wilderness of fragrant hemlock and pine. All day it is busy hardening your muscles and making you healthier and happier, and at night it lulls you to sleep.

When I join the circle of prophets again, they are still killing deer. Al is going over some of the incidents of Jeph's puppyhood, and the old dog and his mate Jack are lying half under the stove, pretending to be asleep lest they be dragged off to the barn for the night. At last the tale is finished and Al calls the dogs.

"Here, Jeph—come, boy! Come, Jack!" But they do not stir.

"Hyar, you old cuss, get up out of that!"

Jeph half lifts an eyelid, thumps his tail softly, a sigh and a quiver, and he lies like a log. Then a good-natured slap on his rump brings the old dog to his feet. He gapes, stretches himself, and stalks out after Al, Jack following, limping, with the paw that was caught last year in the bear-trap held tenderly from the floor.

But Uncle Bill is talking.

"Yes, sir, all that young dog ever knowed that there Jeph dog learned him—seemed to keep one of them old eyes of his'n on him ever since he was able to play round. I calc'ate I never told ye how me and Dave come to take that puppy int' the woods for the first time? We'd had almighty poor luck, and it come to the last day of huntin', and says I to Dave, lets you and me go and try it on the west side clear up in that green timber, and if we don't hist one of them big bucks out of there 'fore noon, I'll pay for the cigars. You never see no nicer day to start a deer in the woods; one of them lowery days, when the scent 'll hang strong in a deer track. When we come to start, that Jeph dog held back. Well, sir, me and Dave argered with him and coaxed; but it warn't no use. He just sot there on the piazza and wouldn't budge, and that puppy a-naggin' him. First he'd claw up ont' the old dog's neck and chew one of his ears, and then he'd slap round on t'other side and haul ont' t'other ear; but the old dog didn't seem to take no notice of the leetle feller—just sot there and let the leetle cuss play round him.

We see there wa'n't no use of coaxin' no more, so we took Ed Munsey's brinder hound and started. We hadn't gone more'n ten rod int' the woods afore we heerd suthin' patterin' back of us, and there was that puppy a-follerin'. You never see no more comical sight than that leetle white cuss a-skippin' and tumblin' along arter me and Dave through the woods; and jest that minute we heerd Jeph roar to the house, and he come luk lightnin' to us. Then we see that all the old dog had been hangin' back for was to git us to take the puppy along. I presume likely he'd figured it out under them long ears of his'n that if the leetle feller was ever a-goin' to learn, he'd better begin then. Me and Dave done some awful travellin' that day, and that leetle pup keepin' up to us the best he knew haow, crawlin' up over them old logs and crossin' brooks, and that Jeph dog a-watchin' him and hangin' back and helpin' the leetle feller when he'd git clean beat, and the old dog wouldn't let me nor Dave lay hands on him. Bime-by we struck clear up in under them big slides on Rocky Peak, and then we come int' some green timber, and all of a suddent the old dog struck a track, and me and Dave see where an al-whimy big deer had crossed this side of a teeterin' log. The pup was scramblin' along about a rod behind, and the old dog helped the leetle feller up and showed him where the track led off, and 'twa'n't a minute afore the leetle cuss went out of sight on that track, a-screamin', with the old dog jest back of him. Me and Dave clim' out on them ledges, where we could see off, and you fellers never heerd no prettier race than that leetle feller run. Goll, how he'd squeal! Now and then he'd git bothered and have to stop, and then we'd hear the old dog roar, a-figurin' it out for him, and then yip! yip! yip! and the leetle feller would have it his own way agin. It wa'n't half an hour arter that afore we heerd Ed Dewey's gun crack 'head the falls. Goll, Ed said that deer come luk lightnin', and he hadn't more'n cut his throat afore that puppy come out on his track, with the old dog behind him. Well, sir, you never see no tickelder feller than the old dog. The leetle pup was pretty nigh tuckered out when he come to the house, and when he come in the old dog give him his place back of the stove. I goll, he was pleased and praoud of the leetle cuss, no use talkin'."

SCIENTIFIC BABY-FEEDING.

The facetious threat of the summer boarder to send into the city for country produce has long been familiar to the rural boarding-house keeper, but until recently the threat has probably not often been put into actual execution. Now, however, this highly anomalous condition of things has come to pass, as regards one at least of the country perquisites. For a summer or two it has been no unfamiliar sight to observe the express wagon daily bringing to the summer sojourner in Catskills or Berkshires a supply of milk from the metropolis—to the utter bewilderment of the farmer folk, who have not yet outgrown the reminiscent delusion that city milk is a compound of chalk and water, guiltless of relationship with the cow.

It must be explained, however, that the milk thus made to reverse the natural course of transportation is intended to fulfil a purpose quite aside from the gratification of the palates of over-fastidious urbanites. It is intended for infant food, and is regarded by those importing it into the country as a necessity rather than a luxury. Each bottle of it has been especially prepared to meet the needs of the particular infant for whom it is intended, the metropolitan source from which it emanates being a chemical laboratory. That has certainly a very scientific sound, and it is a very scientific process through which the milk has passed, though, after all, a very simple one. Its constituent elements—albuminoids, fat, sugar, water—have been recompounded in proportions varying indefinitely, in accordance with physicians' prescriptions aimed at the condition of the particular infant to be fed; and so skilfully is this done that the infant so favored is pretty certain to thrive and grow strong and fat, as only healthy and well-fed infants can.

The milk which is thus scientifically prepared came in the first place from a dairy in the country which is quite as unique and as scientific as the laboratory itself. It is an aseptic dairy, as nearly as such a thing can be—a place where cleanliness of almost surgical rigidity is practised, and where microbe-killing is as much a part of the every-day business as the extraction of the milk itself. The entire farm is "under the constant supervision of a veterinarian, a chemist, and a bacteriologist," milking is done by persons whose hands and clothes have been sterilized as if for a surgical operation, and the milk is filtered and placed in sterilized receptacles. It does not require to be sterilized afterwards in the usual way by killing the germs in it, for the excellent reason that there are no germs there to kill. It is a "perfectly safe milk to use in its natural state." To meet the requirements of infants of various ages and conditions, it must be modified in the laboratory as to the proportion of its constituents, but in the end it is still pure milk and nothing else.

The normal infant is really a vegetative animal during its earlier months, requiring almost nothing beyond proper diet, but, when bottle-fed, seldom receiving it. The new process places this desideratum within the reach of such infants as have provided themselves with well-to-do parents, and it will doubtless in time be placed within the reach of all others. Indeed, it has already been much used in hospitals and dispensaries. The result unquestionably has been a reduction of the rate of infant mortality in several cities—a reduction that will be readily appreciable in statistical tables when the use of the scientifically prepared milk shall have become general. Meantime the rural citizen marvels at the presumption of the summer boarder who imports something alleged to be merely "pure milk" into a dairy country from the city and the "laboratory babies" grow and thrive.

Great are the resources of modern science!

SOMETHING FOR ALL.

Rain for the flowers,
  Sweets for the bee;
After the showers
  Honey for me.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A VETERAN LIBRARIAN.

The trustees of the New York Public Library have voted that Mr. Frederick Saunders, chief librarian of the Astor Library, shall be relieved from the active duties of his office, though he will retain his desk in the library, and his salary will be continued during his lifetime. Mr. Saunders is in his ninetieth year, and became assistant librarian of the Astor Library in 1859 at the instance of Washington Irving. He became chief librarian in 1876, so that he has filled that place for twenty years, and has spent thirty-six years in the service of the library. He came, in 1837, from London, where he was born, to bring out for the English firm of Saunders & Otley, in which his father was a partner, an American edition of Bulwer's *Rienzi;* but the book was immediately "pirated" by American publishers, and he lost his investment. Thereupon he undertook a vigorous campaign for an international copyright law, in which he had the help of Bryant, Bancroft, Irving, and most of the noted authors of the time, both American and British. It was through his association with Irving in this movement that he became connected with the Astor Library.

Mr. Saunders has busied himself for some years in preparing a history of the Astor Library, which is now finished, and has been presented in manuscript to the trustees. He is full of hopes and enthusiastic expectations for the future of the new New York Public Library on the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations, which he believes will be the greatest on this continent.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast-table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."—[*Adv.*]

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November 19, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Harper & Brothers has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, and the entire business, good-will, and assets of the said firm have been transferred to the new Corporation of Harper & Brothers, which is composed of the members of the said copartnership of Harper & Brothers, organized under the Business Corporations Law of the State of New York, for the purpose of carrying on at the same place the business heretofore conducted by the copartnership.

All of the affairs and business of the copartnership will be liquidated through the Corporation of Harper & Brothers, whose officers are entitled to sign and release in behalf of the copartnership this day dissolved.

Harper & Brothers.

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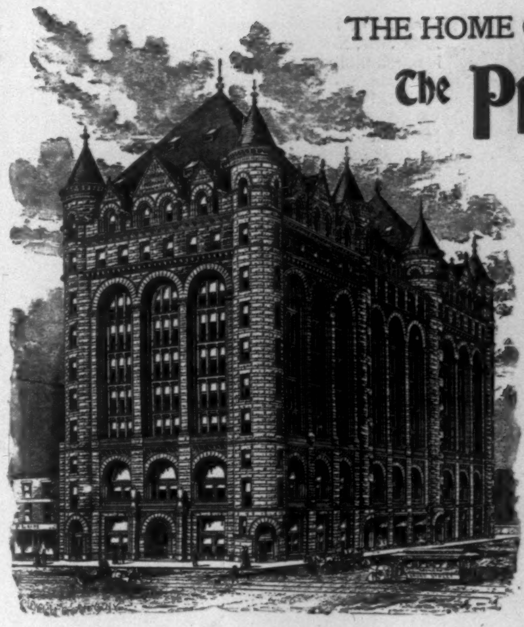

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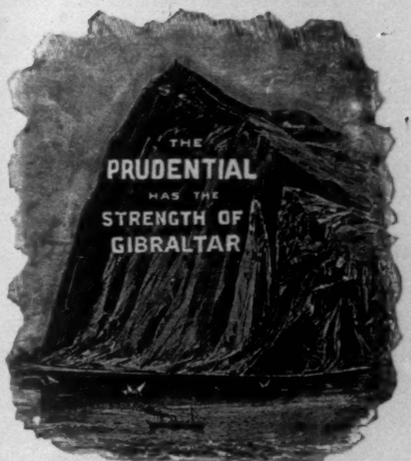

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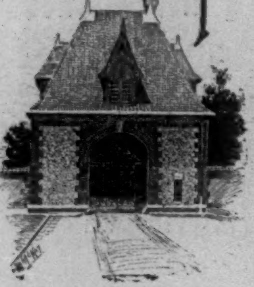
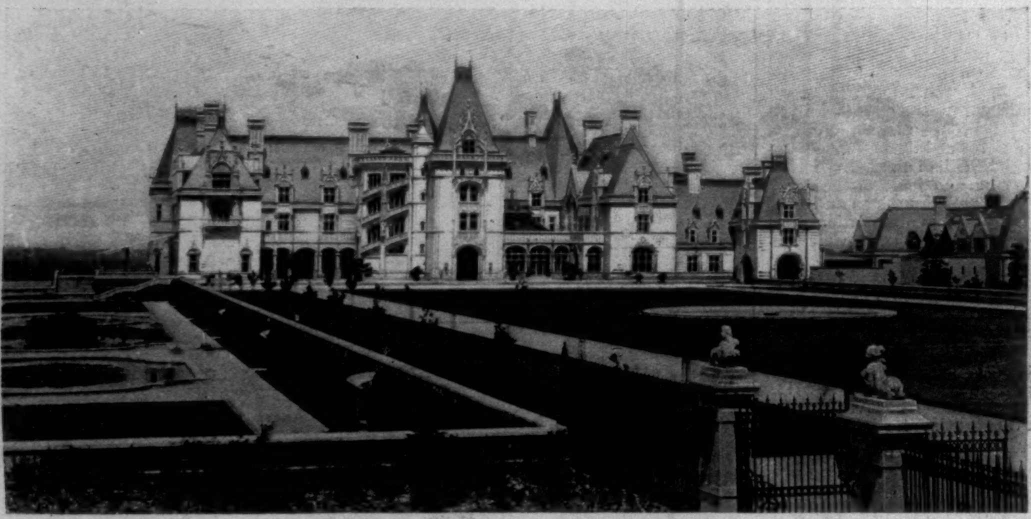
BILTMORE HOUSE.



LODGE-GATE OF THE ESTATE.

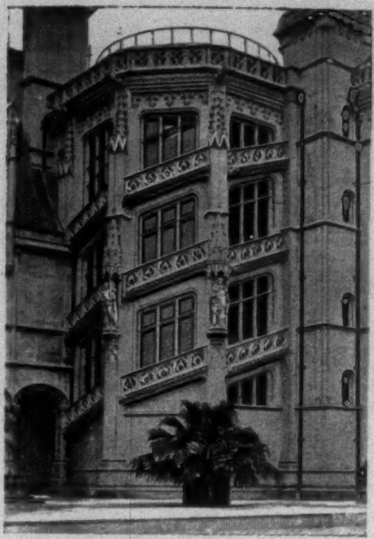
THE estate of Biltmore, near Asheville, North Carolina, is much more than a country house on the scale which has hitherto prevailed among the wealthy. It is a domain which is the appropriate setting of a great country house, a château which has the surroundings of a château. These, it must be owned, are lacking in most of our reproductions or imitations of the schlösser or châteaux or villas, or even of the halls and manors, of the Old World. A recent writer has pointed out that we have no real need for great country houses, because we have not, and under existing conditions cannot attain, the country-house life. Our substitute for it is a series of "resorts," in which the social instinct is appeased and the national gregariousness satisfied by the erection of châteaux and villas in which the owners entertain each other. The cliffs at Newport are thus crowded with palaces of which each one in a European country, where country-house life really exists, would be the show-place of a shire, and for its due display would need the setting of a park as extensive as the area available at Newport for the abodes of all the "palacers" put together.

Biltmore House is thus the only great country house in the United States which has its proper setting in a great domain. The picturesque attractiveness of the mountain region of North Carolina, which ramifies into Virginia, Tennessee, and Georgia, is very great, and it has also the advantage of a climate which makes it available all the year round. It may be supposed to have been these advantages that induced Mr. George W. Vanderbilt to acquire in the neighborhood of Asheville an extensive tract of land, and to convert it into a country-seat with all the appurtenances of an estate, including a model farm. He has also instituted systematic experiments in arboriculture and forestry, of which necessarily the results are not yet visible, but which may be of an extensive public service. It is one of the justifications of an ancestral country-seat, and it may equally be a justification of a new-made country-seat in an unfrequented rural region, that it supplies models for the neighboring farmers, and tries experiments for their benefit at the expense of the owner. In Biltmore this has already been done in the making of model roads, and in the improvement of the breeds of domestic animals, and it promises to be done in many other ways. The most recent of the benefactions of the owner of Biltmore to his neighbors is the presentation for their use of a chapel, which was consecrated but a week or two ago.



BILTMORE HOUSE FROM THE "RAMPE-DOUCE."

In the design of Biltmore House the architect, the late Richard Morris Hunt, had the advantage of the co-operation of Mr. Fred. Law Olmsted, the landscape architect. A commanding site was chosen for the mansion, a natural terrace, amplified and completed by the art of the landscape architect, which opens directly upon a valley, from the opposite side of which rise the forest-clad mountains. The face of the terrace is revetted with masonry, forming a rough and picturesque retaining-wall, extending a considerable distance beyond the building at the sides, and bounding an ample esplanade upon which the château stands. This platform is extended behind the house into a level expanse divided into a "rampe-douce," or plaza laid out in grass and walks, and a water-garden at a lower level. The approach to the house is thus, on the side of the entrance front, an example of symmetrical, highly formal, and artificial gardening, while the prospect from the opposite front is of unbroken and primeval wilderness. This contrast has been carried out in the architecture. On the side of the approach it is a rather highly elaborated version of the architecture of Francis I., of the architecture of the châteaux of the Loire. Not only is the architecture itself rich and decorative, but the effect of it is heightened by the free employment of decorative sculpture, which sometimes becomes, as in the statues of the spiral staircase, independent sculpture, and challenges attention for its own sake as well as for the contribution it makes to the architectural effect. On the other side, the forest front, the architecture is much more severe, being no further elaborated in detail than is necessary to expound its construction. The architectural basement of this front is the rugged and slightly sloping retaining-wall of the esplanade, a very effective face of the native rock, from which rises the superstructure in a limestone of a lighter tint and a smoother surface. The centre of this front is a recessed wall of two stories between two boldly projecting polygonal pavilions with high-pitched roofs, framing at the base a balcony corbelled out from the rough substructure. At one side a lower wing, recessed between one of the twin towers and a projecting terminal pavilion, also crowned with a steep roof and having a towerlike effect, is fronted with a loggia of three pairs of arches, opening upon the view of the wilderness. But for this rather Italian feature, this front would give the effect almost of castellated architecture, of one of the fortified dwellings of the Middle Ages, between which and the modern country house the French château of the sixteenth century was a connecting link, as architecturally it marked the transition from Gothic to revived classic. Of this western front the only indications given in the illustration of the other are the steep roofs of the two towers.



THE WINDING STAIRWAY.

The eastern front, shown in the illustration, is a free study on the architecture of the Loire, and if it especially recalls the Château of Blois, that is only because Blois is the most typical and the most successful example of the style in its characteristic quality of picturesque stateliness. The most specific resemblance is that of the winding exterior staircase, which is, to be sure, the most striking feature of Blois, from which a cursory observer with a casual recollection of the earlier example would be apt to say that the external staircase of Biltmore House was copied. An actual comparison, however, shows that it was little more than the "motive" of an exterior winding staircase, with its piers emphasized from bottom to top, and enriched with niched statues, that the later designer borrowed. Arrangement, proportions, and details all differ, and this not capriciously, but with the evident intention and the evident effect of reverting to an earlier and purer type than that of the original, and producing a work rather Gothic than transitional. In this respect it is very successful, and undoubtedly it has an advantage over its original in being incorporated with the building to which it really "belongs," being attached to it on either side by having the terminal members that bound its principal stages "produced" into the adjoining walls; whereas at Blois the staircase is an isolated feature, and only the cornice, with its balustrade and shell frieze, is continuous or congruous with the adjoining architecture. It will be admitted, at any rate, that the staircase at Biltmore House is perfectly in its place, and that it might have been designed for that place instead of being ingeniously and of course avowedly adapted to it.

The other chief features of the entrance front are, like the staircase, of a purer Gothic than those of their prototypes, and are so far more successful. For the Italianization of French architecture in the sixteenth century was not a very successful process, and was evidently the result of the imposition of a fashion rather than of an artistic evolution. If Gothic architecture had been no more rooted in France than it was in Italy, the reversion to classic forms would have been as quickly accomplished in the one country as in the other. But it was in fact so inveterate that all that could be done by royal influence in the way of classicizing French buildings was to import Italian decorators to add Italian details to French buildings, in which otherwise the details would have grown out of the construction. The architecture of Biltmore House derives much of its interest from its attempt to do what the builders of the châteaux would probably have done if they had been let alone by their royal employers. This purpose is as evident in the exquisite detail of the main entrance, and in the design and detail of the rich dormers, as in the staircase. The general composition of the entrance front is worthy of its detail. It has a very effective balance without formal symmetry, and the variations in the counterparting features on each side of the massive central tower that signalizes the main entrance are more effective as well as more expressive than would be mere repetition. Architecturally Biltmore House is a noble château, in addition to the interest, unique on this side of the ocean, that it derives from its possession of the dependencies and surroundings that are necessary to make a true château.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

"RAMPE-DOUCE" AND AQUATIC GARDEN.

AMATEVR-SPORT

AROUND THE END INTERFERENCE.

IN TWO SPLENDID RECENT EXHIBITIONS Chicago has shown determination to be rid of her unclean. At the polls, November 3, Illinois's anarchistly inclined Governor Altgeld was extinguished, and last week the Chicago Athletic Association expelled from its football team six members whose actions had made them open to charges of professionalism. Nothing has transpired in the West to more emphatically indicate the growth of the new athletic spirit. Last year the Chicago A. A. was notorious for the quasi-professional character of its eleven. Last winter a new C. A. A. régime promised that the athletics of the club should this year be kept clean.

And they have kept their word. I have heard not a complaint of the club's offending this year against the ethics of amateur sport. I congratulate in all sincerity, individually and collectively, President Potter, Captain Thompson, and every member of the club's Athletic Committee—Chairman Adams, W. H. Thompson, R. Fishburn, Herbert Alward, G. H. Benedict, and E. A. Russell. A great victory has been achieved for wholesome sport. At last a president and an athletic club board have been discovered with the rightful conception of amateur sport, and the courage to uphold its principles. And Chicago, which a year ago abounded in semi-professional football, has furnished the notable example.

THE OCCASION WHICH REVEALED the Chicago Association's stalwart stand for honest sport was the game last week for an alleged football championship of Western Pennsylvania, between the so-called Allegheny Athletic Association and the Pittsburg Athletic Club. Pittsburg's football teams have always been an abomination in the eyes of sportsmen. Last year this Allegheny Association and the Duquesne Country and Athletic Club both supported elevens that were largely made up of foreign talent imported for especial occasions. The Allegheny Association particularly has been a dissolute offender. Last year its team was made up of imported stars, among whom were Heffelfinger and Donnelly. This year the Association is in the hands of a receiver, but none the less there arrived at Pittsburg, the day before its game with the Duquesne Club last week, probably the most remarkable collection of stars ever seen on the gridiron at one time. They came from hither and yon, and represented the football schooling of Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Chicago, Cornell, Michigan, and others.

THE NEAREST TO MASS FORMATION ALLOWED BY THE NEW RULES.

The Allegheny eleven lined up as follows: Trenchard, left end; Lea, left tackle; Donnelly, left guard; Stevenson, centre; Stewart, right guard; Hadden, right tackle; Brown, right end; Aldrich, quarter; Heffelfinger, left half; Graver, right half; Brooke, full-back. Brown was full-back at Cornell six years ago; Hadden, tackle at Michigan; Stevenson, Aldrich, Stewart, and Graver were members of the Chicago Athletic Association eleven; Trenchard, Lea, and Donnelly are old Princeton players; Heffelfinger, the famous Yale guard; and Brooke, Pennsylvania's ex-full-back.

BEFORE THE GAME BEGAN, Captain Thompson of the Chicago A. A. arrived from Chicago to persuade his men from professionalizing themselves, and read them a letter from President Potter promising expulsion if they persisted in playing. Nevertheless they played, and together with Thomas, who had signed to play and did not, simply because of a sore leg, were expelled from the C. A. A. eleven. The sentence should have gone farther and expelled them from the club. Incidentally I may add that this Thomas and Hadden were concerned in unwholesome university football last year. They represent a class of players who seem to have no athletic conscience, and are influenced in their loyalty merely by material inducement. With an Amateur Athletic Union whose alleged authority commands no respect, there is wanting a national governing body to punish such athletic pests as they deserve. But the clubs of the country can deal with them if governors will evince the same commendable spirit the Chicago Association has shown.

That such well-known ex-college players as Heffelfinger, Lea, and Trenchard should have joined an eleven of such questionable status as that of the Allegheny is disappointing indeed. We were not prepared to place their names on the list with those having no regard for healthful sport. We did believe them of different timber.

IT IS JUST SUCH CLUBS as the Allegheny and the Duquesne that bring football into local disrepute, and they should be ostracized by all clubs with any regard for their amateur standing.

As to whether such unwholesome business pays, the fact that the Allegheny Athletic Association, the rankest offender in the country, is at the present moment in the hands of a receiver, is sufficient answer. The use of imported football material destroys local pride and interest, as the comparatively small attendance at the Pittsburg games demonstrated; more than that, it weakens the club's recruiting force wellnigh beyond repair, which means that the club employing non-resident stars comes finally to a position in which it is absolutely dependent on their acquisition. Eventually it goes to the wall like the Allegheny, and just the way as every other club resorting to similar unhealthful tactics will go sooner or later. There is no will-o'-the-wisp so misguiding as that which leads to the "gathering" of outside stars in the hope of success; no sophistry so fallacious as that which proclaims the prosperity of football to depend on the mere winning. It will be an eventful day for club governors when they reach that conclusion. Meanwhile clubs that do maintain *bona fide* amateur teams and the college elevens should decline to arrange games with clubs whose amateur status, through the employment of non-residents, is open to suspicion. The most notorious offender in the vicinity of New York has been the Orange Athletic Club, and there seem to be one or two others that are setting out to dispute their unpleasant celebrity. Next year, unless some vigorous purging is instituted in the mean time, the Yale and Princeton and other university faculties should prohibit their elevens meeting athletic club teams not composed of actual residents whose amateur status is above reproach.

AS FOR THE INDIVIDUALS who, through hiring out at so much a game, lend themselves to the pollution of amateur sport, I hardly know what to say. In civil life a man who obtains goods under false pretences receives his deserts in court. In amateur sport men violate the same principle and suffer no punishment other than loss of the respect of their friends, which, in my estimation, is the severer sentence. But many of these football professionals who masquerade as amateurs are of too coarse fibre to shrink under the loss of friends' respect. Perhaps they have never had it; perhaps they have become callous to the shame of it all. At all events, whatever their individual sensations, the influence of their example is demoralizing to the game, and to many young boys who in ethical ignorance glorify some brilliant ground-gainer as a football hero, and accept whatever he does as the law and gospel of the game.

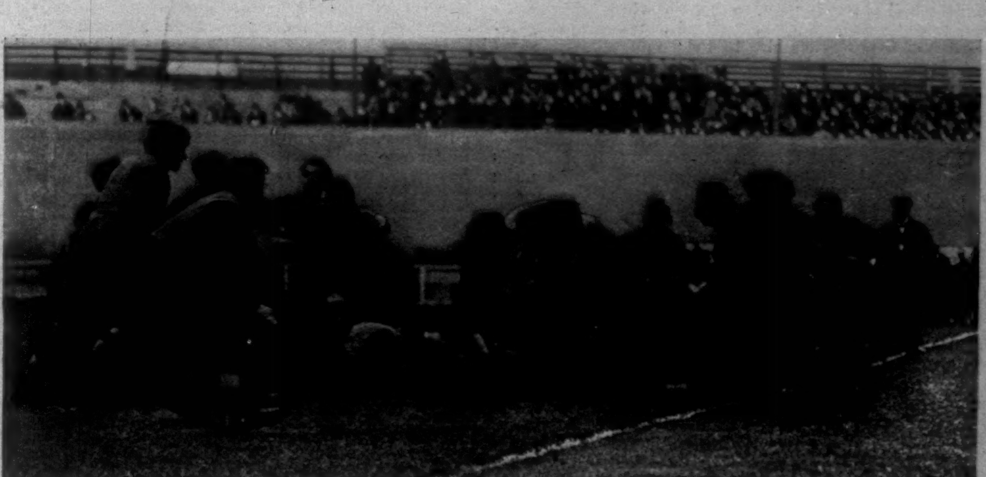
This is the feature of the pernicious business that should concern club governors and the faculties of our colleges. It ought to concern fathers. I often wonder what manner of men are the fathers of these football "rounders." It really is extraordinary how indifferent to uprightness is the average man; and yet charge him with abetting dishonesty and you will have a most indignant denial. Talk is so cheap, and theoretical probity so easy. It is like that friendship which is loud in protestation and slinks under cover at the first approaching test.

THERE ARE SOME MEN—too many, I regret to say—in the various fields of amateur sport from whom we expect little of their own volition. They are like the well-known criminally disposed on whom the police have ever a watchful eye. We noted their unhealthful tendencies at the preparatory schools, and throughout their college athletic career have been uncertain of their good intentions. When such as these are free of all restraint, it is natural they should be found indulging the disposition held in check at the university. For these individuals as individuals we care not; a man seeks his level first or last, no matter how much the finality may be delayed. For the influence that these men have on amateur sport, however, we care much. How baneful is that influence every intelligent man who has studied the field of competitive sport must be aware. It is an insidious influence, and its effect is fatal to healthful athletics. It superinduces a hysteria in competition that precludes the best work of teams, engenders a win-at-all-cost spirit that creates scandal, and undermines the whole athletic fabric with an artificial enthusiasm that is certain to lose its vitality in a hard contest. Beyond that, and, to my mind, its most alarming effect, is upon the impressible young boys who are brought into contact with its deleterious workings, and frequently betrayed into its uttermost viciousness.

It is from this point of view that I ask club governors and college faculties and fathers to unite in muzzling the athletic "rounder," and putting him where he may no longer offend against the ethics of wholesome sport nor seduce young men with weak characters and indifferent fathers.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE EFFECT of this athletic corruption upon young boys is furnished this season by the Bangor (Maine) and Portland (Maine) schools. In a recent football game between the two, the teams of each had boys who were not members of the school they pretended to represent. It has been stated repeatedly, and without contradiction, that several of the Bangor team either attend school for the sole purpose of football or play without any pretence of connection with the school. It is also true that not less than four of the eleven playing for Portland were not entitled to represent that school in any capacity. Portland's offence is even greater, for it involves a direct deception of the principal of the school by handing him a set of names of alleged players for approval, and subsequently changing several of them. Indeed, the atmosphere enveloping the football of these two schools is noisome to a degree, and proves beyond question how needful is good example, and how necessary the tireless vigilance of schoolmasters and all concerned in the healthful education of youth.

It is the imperative duty of the authorities of these two schools to put a stop to these scandalous practices at once. If boys at school are not given a careful drilling in the ethics of sport, what may we expect from them as young men at college? What, indeed, may we expect from them as business men? The question of ethics in sport is not one of mere athletic significance. It is a great moral question of utmost importance and broadest application. A boy's character is forming in his school-days; if he be-



THE KIND OF HOLES HEFFELFINGER MAKES IN AN OPPOSING LINE.

"A PRIMER OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL."—BY W. H. LEWIS.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, PAPER, 75 CENTS.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

comes addicted to cheating then, he will cheat when he reaches college, he will swindle when he embarks in the serious occupation of his life. If he is willing to defeat a school rival through dishonest means, you may be sure he will not, later in life, abandon the dishonest tendency. It is not a question of degree; it is a question of principle. Manly, wholesome sport makes honest, plucky men. I never in my life knew a true sportsman who was a liar.

The Brown-Indian game on Thanksgiving day at Manhattan Field should be one of the most interesting struggles of the year, unless Brown has deteriorated since its game with Yale, lost by the score of 6–18. The Indians may be counted on to put up a hard game, with mass formations and line-bucking of tremendous power; but unless they have learned a great deal since their games in New York, at Boston, Philadelphia, and Princeton, Brown has a considerable advantage in superior knowledge of the science of football. And yet it is, of course, probable that the Indians may batter the Brown line so resistlessly as to drive strategic tactics to the four winds. At all events, New-Yorkers will be glad to again see the Indians, and to have an opportunity of viewing Brown at her best.

The Harvard-Pennsylvania game at Philadelphia on Saturday was a lesson to any one who likes to study football. The visiting eleven, after the first three or four plays, took the offensive game into its hands, and worked the ball up the field in a clean-cut, effective series of open plays without tricks of any kind, unless you call the "short" kick a trick, and the good old-fashioned crisscross—which, by-the-way, always seems to work—a fancy play. The Harvard men got up to Pennsylvania's line twice, and were thrown back by bad fumbles, but the third time Wheeler's block of Minds's kick, Cabot's good work in picking the ball up and carrying it to the one-yard line, and Bouvé's weight in carrying it over, scored the touch-down. This showed that Harvard had the strength to force the game in a winning fashion on foreign grounds. Bearing this in mind, the student, if he watched the second half, saw Harvard begin the offence again, and then ten minutes after play began he saw Pennsylvania settle down to an elongated form of her powerful tandem mass play of last year, and take the game into her own hands. The moment that play was put into effective working order—and Pennsylvania played it beautifully—the game was won. The Harvard men knew the play. They knew precisely where it was coming, but as it piled up six or eight men each time one after another, the man with the ball was usually about twice his own length ahead of the last scrimmage. This first lesson, then, was that one tandem play, one pile-up on the guards or centre, is sufficient when well played to win a game. The second point that a student of the game learned, if he watched the Philadelphia match carefully, was that Harvard men do not yet know how to train their men to stand what really amounts to two hours of hard football. For when that big tandem began to centre on the Shaws and Bouvé, the eleven did not have the physical strength to oppose it, even if it could have done so. There was no trace of "quitting" in this Harvard team, and there has not been at any time during the season. The men simply were not trained into a condition which made them capable of taking what Pennsylvania was able to send against them, and for that reason alone they were beaten, and fairly beaten, in a well-contested game.

The special features of Pennsylvania's work were, of course, the thoroughly practised and well-perfected team-play on that tandem. The Philadelphia men demonstrated by this, as Princeton in a measure did against Yale, that one or two or three powerful plays which add blow after blow in quick succession against one point in the opposing line is well on the road to victory. Pennsylvania could not gain against Harvard to any extent with any other play. This one was all she needed. In the first half, what few gains were made were owing to the good generalship of Weeks or to the coaching of his instructors. He sent most of Pennsylvania's plays through Haughton, Harvard's right tackle. Probably this was planned before the game, as Weeks did not show in the rest of the afternoon the cleverness this attack on Haughton would have led one to expect. Haughton was unquestionably Harvard's weakest man, because of his lightness and because of his inexperience, and the repetition of the plays of Gelbert and Minds through Haughton gained what ground Pennsylvania gained in the first half. Weeks was extremely poor on his passing for kicks, which accounts largely for the poor kicking Minds did all through the game, as well as for the number of his kicks which were blocked. One of these cost Pennsylvania Harvard's only touch-down, although it is probable that the Cambridge men would have scored in the first half in any case. The men were playing strong football, and Pennsylvania had not dropped into the game. The reason for this was that they ran up against a rigid umpire in Hickok, and had to be continually penalized for playing off-side. It is a pity that at this late date in football history an eleven should be coached to creep up before the ball is put in play, so that the whole team has to be constantly called back because of some one man's carelessness. This applies also to Princeton, who was several times penalized by Dashiel in the first half. It not only kills the offensive spirit in an eleven when this penalization goes on so constantly, but it forces the men, the end rushers especially, to play an entirely new game in a big match.

One of the two encouraging points in Harvard's play was the absence of any extraordinary formation, the absence of tricks pure and simple. It was amusing to see how perfectly the old criss-cross executed by Wrightington and Dunlop worked again and again, once or twice making fifteen and twenty yards. The best formation Harvard had was the one made to protect Wrightington on his "short" kick close under the rush-line. It was merely a modification of the usual method of blocking for the long kick. Three men formed a small wedge in front of Wrightington's right foot to protect him from the attack, and the play was so well executed that not one kick by Wrightington and Brown was blocked during the game. Much of this was due to Beale's clean passing, but as a matter of record it should be remembered that all through this game Harvard's work was much evener than Pennsylvania's. There were fewer flukes on the side of the Cambridge men, fewer irregularities, but, on the other hand, there was neither the strength in the men's work nor the power in their plays that there was in those of the Pennsylvania team. Harvard's kicking was superior to Pennsylvania's. The punts went better and were placed better. Weeks's pass completely over Minds's head on a try at a field goal, in the first half, was the kind of play that appeared nowhere apparent in Harvard's game. Beale's greatest error was in the second half, when Harvard had the ball on her own two-yard line. This left Brown twelve yards or so behind his own line. Nothing in such a place should ever be tried but a punt straight down the fair-line. But Beale signalled for the fake kick play, and then tried to run Wrightington out through the line. The result was a dismal failure for Harvard, and the two points that really won the game for Pennsylvania. It is at such critical times as this that the field captain of ability shows his true colors. In the first half, just after the beginning of the game, Harvard was forced into much such a position, and there the kick saved the Cambridge bacon. Possibly the same thing might have occurred in the second half, though Pennsylvania was then playing her winning game, and it is doubtful if any one play could have stopped her

For Pennsylvania, Gelbert and Woodruff did, on the whole, the best work. Minds was in the play continually, showing up again and again to advantage, but his bad kicks did his team a great deal of harm. Several times while in his own territory and near the fair-line he sent the ball out into the open side of the field, which is perhaps the most dangerous play a team can make. The ball not only invariably went to Harvard, but it gave the Harvard man who caught it a good chance for a long circular run into a straggling field of tacklers. Had Brown, who was the man that took the ball, been a sprinter, there is likelihood that Pennsylvania might not have won Realizing, as she must have, that Minds was not like Brooke, and that Weeks was not a strong man on a long pass, Pennsylvania should have begun her close tandem plays in the first half. If this had been done, the Philadelphia men could unquestionably have scored two or three touch-downs, and the game would have been more like the Princeton-Yale game. Gelbert, on the whole, played the best and the surest game for Pennsylvania. His tackles on some occasions when Harvard men got through were remarkable, and his playing in the interference and when he carried the ball was characterized by vigor and sureness. He made no fumbles, and steadied Minds again and again. Woodruff, in the line, did a great deal to keep Pennsylvania's tandem intact, and was, so far as any one man could be, the king pin of that powerful play. His breaking through on the defence was better than that of any other Pennsylvania man.

Brown and Dunlop did more for Harvard than any other men. Brown's record of but one fumble out of twelve or fifteen long kicks, on a day when a drizzling rain was falling and the ball was wet, is a remarkable one. He did some capital line-bucking also, making thirty-five yards through the centre on one play, and usually getting a yard or two whenever the ball was given him. Dunlop, whose special forte is line-bucking, did this well all through the game; but the best plays he made, when ground was gained to the greatest advantage, were at tackle and end hole or on the criss-cross and double-pass plays with Wrightington. Wrightington himself did not play his usual game. He has been laid up all the year with a bad knee, and he could scarcely straighten it during the game. In fact, if either Livermore or Dibble had begun the game in his place, the eleven might have been better off, except, perhaps, for his "short" kicks, which invariably gained ground for Harvard. In the line, Moulton played the game of his life, for though he has not shown up well during the year, he completely outplayed himself on Saturday Bouvé and Cabot did the best work for Harvard in the line.

Princeton won the most decisive victory over Yale on Saturday at Manhattan Field that the orange and black has scored against the blue in the last twenty years of their annual football contests. And only twice in that length of time has Yale secured so signal a triumph over Princeton—once in the memorable game of '90, when Yale rolled up a score of 32 to Princeton's 0, and again in '94, when the New Haven team won the day by 24 to 0. Had Baird on Saturday kicked a goal from every touch-down, Princeton's '96 score would be 30 to 6, instead of 24 to 6. It was the strongest team Princeton has ever developed, not excepting the very strong one of '89, and it may be doubted if a stronger eleven was ever put out by any university. Not that its individuals have had no superiors in collegiate football, but eleven men never worked more thoroughly in harmony, nor were plays ever started more promptly nor directed with more telling precision

Therein lay the notable power of Princeton's team on Saturday. Its plays were not numerous or especially intricate, but when they were put in action it was with a lightninglike speed that increased in volume as they swept on toward the Yale line. There were no spectators on Princeton's team. Every man had an active part to fill in every play, and he filled it. No team has exhibited such unity of purpose and of action; not even those historic and superbly trained elevens of Yale which have carried all before them throughout a season's play. In only one respect was the Princeton team weak, and that in the protection of the full-back on kicks. The formation on such occasions was remarkably inefficient, too many men being taken from the line, which, particularly on a muddy, slippery field, gave Yale forwards a great advantage. With no immediate blocking, they could get under way on the instant the ball was snapped back, and have acquired considerable momentum by the time they reached Baird's protectors.

Twice this kind of "protection" enabled Yale to block Princeton's kicks, and the result on one of these occasions was Yale's only touch-down and subsequent goal. Had Princeton persisted in the kicking game, like as not she would have won by only a small margin, and indeed might even have been defeated. But Princeton showed generalship this year, for the first time in certainly three years, and adapted her method of attack to the exigencies of the game and conditions of the day. Early she realized the danger of blocked kicks, when Captain Cochran ordered a running game, and the result was the most remarkable exhibition of steady ground-gaining ever seen in a game between two large university teams. Once Princeton carried the ball, without losing possession of it, for sixty yards to a touch-down; again, a touch-down was made after seventy yards of uninterrupted line-plunging and end-skirting, and at all times she opened the Yale line almost at will.

A Yale team buffeted and driven down the field as it was last Saturday is a rare sight. In fact, it may be said to be a decidedly unique experience. I do not recall an eleven from New Haven which, although eventually defeated, has not been able to at least keep the result of the game in doubt until the call of time, or that has not in some particular shown equal if not superior skill to its conqueror. But the Yale eleven of this year was completely outclassed in all departments of the game, and outplayed at every position, save at quarter-back and right end. Before the first half of the game closed, Princeton had demonstrated her superiority, and seemed assured of final success. It was apparent that only unpardonable fumbling could keep the orange and black from carrying the ball across the Yale goal-line when she secured its possession and set that formidable revolving tandem in motion.

The rain had made the field very slippery, and that was some advantage to Princeton's powerful mass formations and to her line, which averaged about ten pounds heavier than Yale's. But a slippery field does not account for Yale's overwhelming defeat. Princeton won entirely on the merits of her play and the greater skill of her eleven. Man for man, she outplayed Yale at every point save possibly, as I have said, at quarter and right end. And the superiority was especially noticeable in the centre of the line.

It was to be expected that Gailey at centre would prove too much for Chamberlain, and yet the latter did comparatively better than several of the Yale forwards whose longer experience presaged abler work. Chamberlain did very little to keep Gailey out of the play, but time and again he hurled himself in front of that Princeton catapult when it was directed at the centre, and stopped it for short gains when it seemed to be driving on through all opposition. Armstrong, Princeton's right guard, had less difficulty with Murray, whose position was regarded the weakest spot in the Yale line. An entirely unexpected weakness was revealed, however, in Yale's other guard position, held by Chadwick. He was not so completely outplayed, perhaps, by Crowdis as Murray was by Armstrong, but he fell far short of playing the game counted upon or of showing the form of last year. On breaking through he was somewhat stronger than Crowdis, but his tackling was too high to be of greatest value on defensive work, and he was driven like chaff before the wind when Princeton sent her plunging backs in his direction.

By all odds, the greatest surprise of the day was furnished by the superb work of the Princeton tackles, and especially in Hildebrand's superiority over Rodgers. The latter is a veteran who last year did splendid work at Manhattan Field, and has all along been depended on by Yale to make that place of the line invulnerable. He too, like Chadwick, excelled his *vis-à-vis* in breaking through, but the Princeton man kept him from being a very valuable factor in the play, and made holes through him when called upon to do so. On the other side of the line Church and Murphy were regarded, before the game, as about even, and each was expected to keep the other so busy that neither would be much in the play. Church, however, outplayed his clever opponent, and shone prominently from first to last. He put up the finest game a tackle has shown this year, and as clever a one as has been seen in American football. He was a much more valuable man to his team against Yale than he had been against Harvard, because he devoted all his time to playing football, and not part of it to roughing. We commend his cleaner exhibition.

At one end of the line Bass and Cochran were very nearly even, with the former a bit the better; at the other end Connor was no match for Brokaw. Yale would have been much stronger if Hinkey had been played at his old place, for though his kicking was good, it hardly seemed beyond what another might have done if coached in season, while his absence from the line made a very weak spot at one end. Connor not only was no match for Brokaw, but his tackling was indifferent, instead of getting into his man, he invariably waited for the runner to reach him. The tackling of the Yale team as a whole, indeed, left much to be desired. Outside of Murphy, Bass, Hinkey, Fincke, and Rodgers, it did not get into the runner with the accustomed Yale spirit and grip.

With three new backs, and none of them trustworthy in catching punts, it was necessary to play Fincke at full when on the defensive, but in doing so Yale lost the services of a brilliant tackler, who would have proved invaluable on Saturday. Hinkey did good work in tackling, but the other backs revealed the common tendency to tackle high and not get into the oncoming runner. In ground-gaining Yale has never made so weak an exhibition, nor, in justice must it be said, has she ever faced a team so difficult to gain on. Generally speaking, her advance with the ball in hand was immaterial. Once Benjamin got through Princeton's left guard for a thirty-yard run, and once Mills went through the opponents' left tackle for a gain of equal length; but at all other times Princeton quickly stopped Yale's attempts.

Of Princeton's eleven every one put up the game of his life, and all the men back of the line played brilliantly. Smith's work at quarter was excellent, his tackling being especially notable, while his run down the side-lines with the ball passed to him by Baird when tackled on a caught punt, was one of the game's features. Kelly and Bannard and, when the latter retired, Wheeler were all great in ground-gaining, but the greatest of these was Kelly. Such determined, irresistible line-bucking has rarely been seen on the gridiron, and certainly never surpassed, and Kelly must be written down as one of the best backs of the year. He has fully earned a place on the All America University eleven of 1896, and Bannard is but little his inferior.

As for the story of the game itself—it is told in a very few words. Princeton started off to play a kicking game, and through the poor defence of Baird, had two kicks blocked, and one of them for a touch-down against her eight minutes after the kick-off. Thereafter Captain Cochran played a running game, and from that time Yale was really never in it, the Princeton backs, starting with great rapidity and behind beautiful interference, going through the Yale line at all points, and around their own left end at will. It was straight football, of the straightest and hardest kind ever seen on a gridiron. Remarkably few fumbles were made by either side, considering the slippery ball. Congratulations to Princeton and to Pennsylvania.

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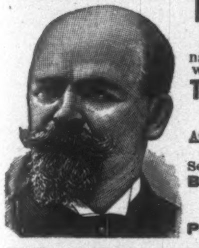

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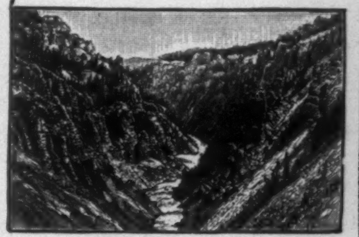

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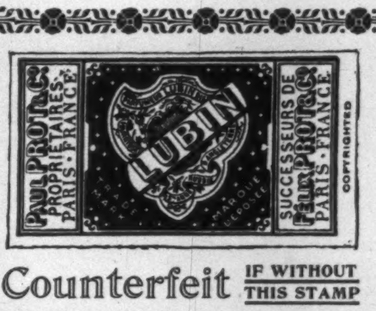

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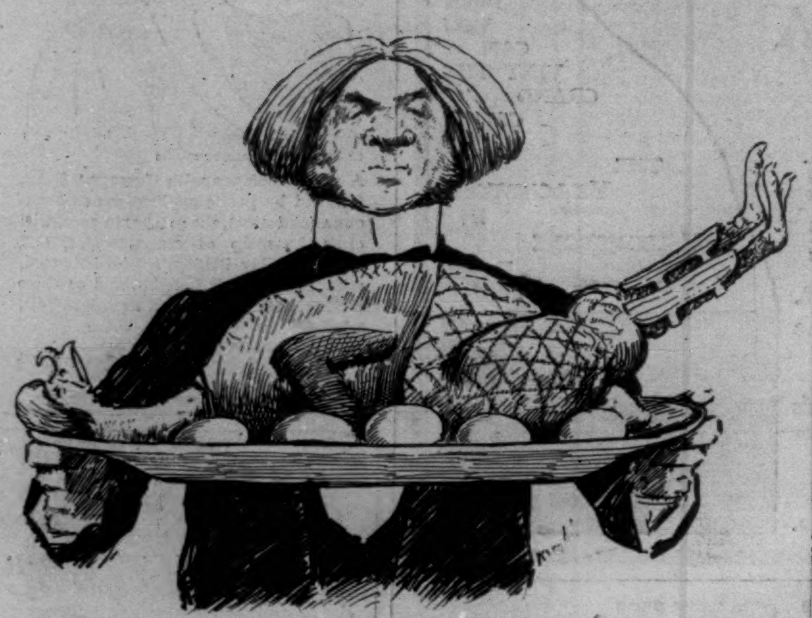

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ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 27th day of October, 1896, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation and entry of the following assessments in the respective wards herein designated:

12TH WARD: 186TH STREET OPENING, between Amsterdam and Wadsworth Avenues.

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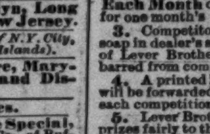

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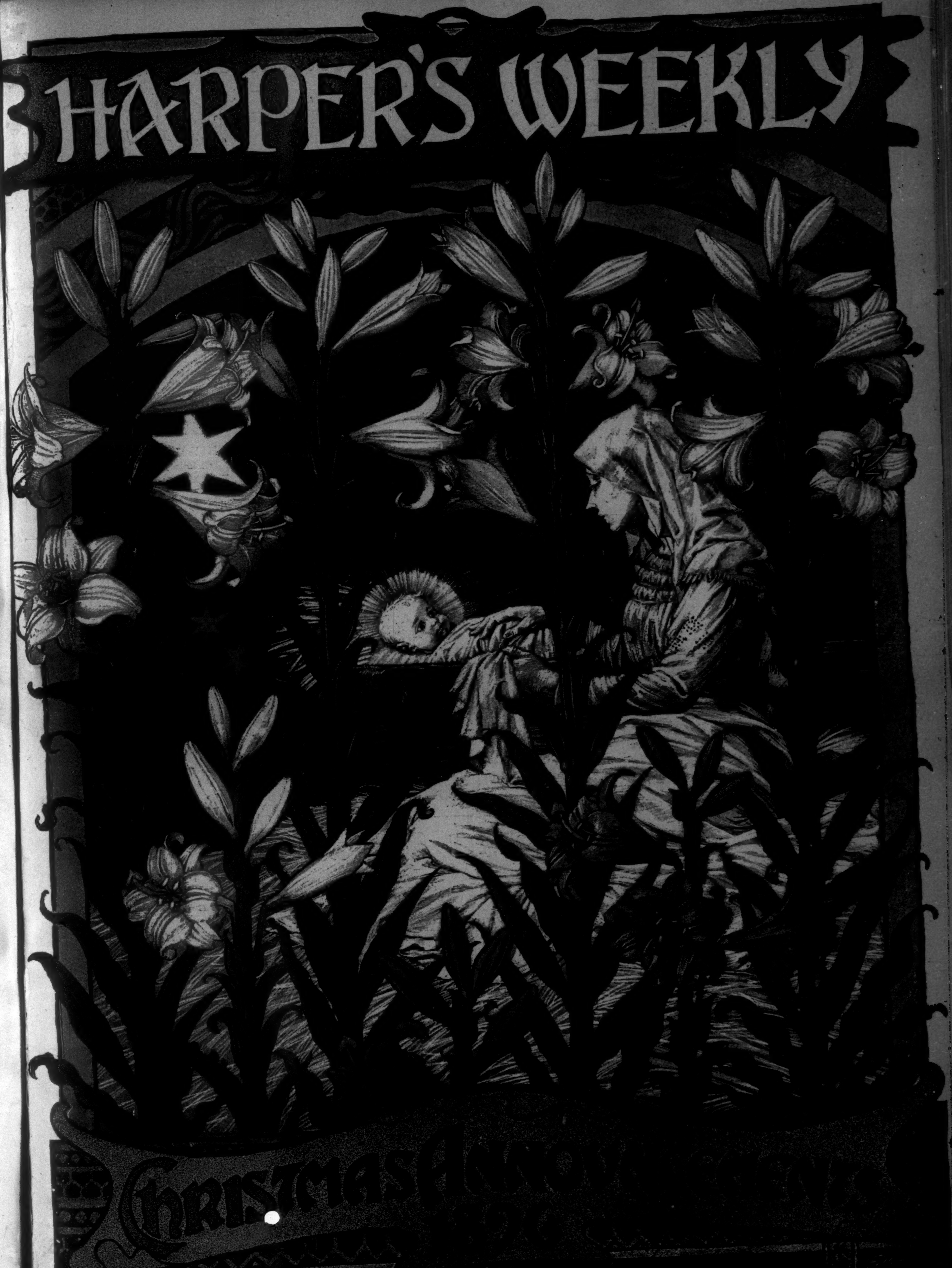
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